IND MAD®

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No. 140 Jan. '71

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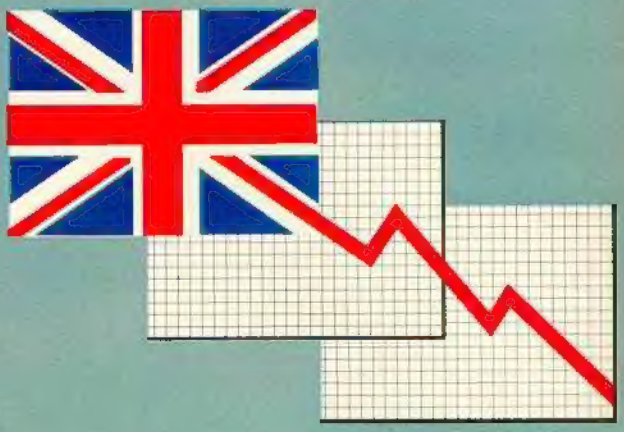
A MAD LOOK AT FLAGS OF THE WORLD

Conceived by MAX BRANDEL

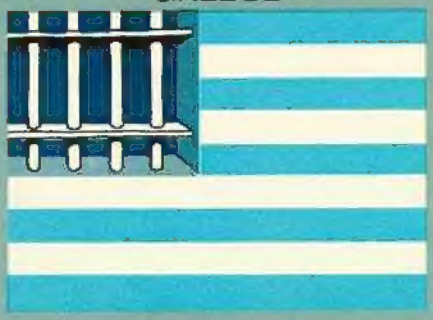
UNITED STATES

GREAT BRITAIN



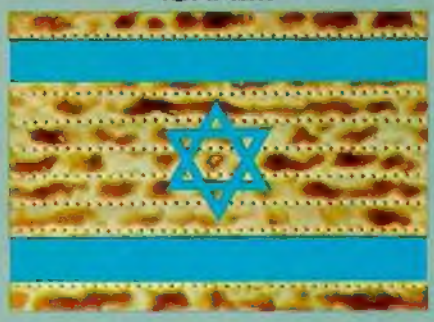
CANADA

GREECE



IRELAND

ISRAEL



JAPAN

MEXICO

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

SOVIET UNION

SWITZERLAND

NUMBER 140 JANUARY 1971

MAD

"A political candidate is someone who rises on whatever the people will fall for!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON, RICK SMITH *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Jan. 1971, Vol. 1, No. 140 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 15 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A. 15 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1970 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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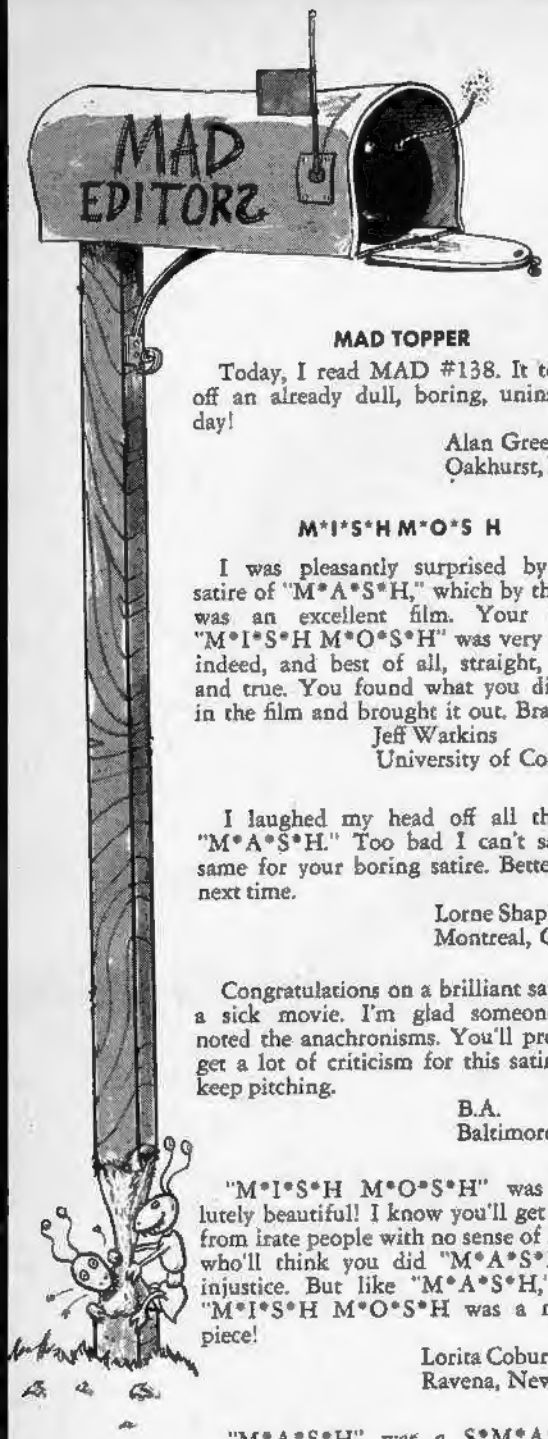


MAD TOPPER

Today, I read MAD #138. It topped off an already dull, boring, uninspired day!

Alan Greenspan
Oakhurst, N.J.

M*I*S*H M*O*S H

I was pleasantly surprised by your satire of "M*A*S*H," which by the way was an excellent film. Your satire, "M*I*S*H M*O*S*H" was very funny indeed, and best of all, straight, sharp and true. You found what you disliked in the film and brought it out. Bravo!

Jeff Watkins
University of Colorado

I laughed my head off all through "M*A*S*H." Too bad I can't say the same for your boring satire. Better luck next time.

Lorne Shapiro
Montreal, Canada

Congratulations on a brilliant satire of a sick movie. I'm glad someone else noted the anachronisms. You'll probably get a lot of criticism for this satire, but keep pitching.

B.A.
Baltimore, Md.

"M*I*S*H M*O*S*H" was absolutely beautiful! I know you'll get letters from irate people with no sense of humor who'll think you did "M*A*S*H" an injustice. But like "M*A*S*H," your "M*I*S*H M*O*S*H was a masterpiece!

Lorita Coburn
Ravena, New York

"M*A*S*H" was a S*M*A*S*H! But your satire of it was T*R*A*S*H!

Don Mutchler
Richardson, Texas

Congratulations on showing "M*A*S*H" to be the tasteless, senseless, idiotic "M*I*S*H M*O*S*H" it was! Keep your trash coming! It's exactly the sort of garbage this polluted world needs.

Thomas C. Putich
College of the Holy Cross
Worcester, Mass.

I think I'm going to stop going to the movies and just read MAD. Your satires of these "now" movies are much more entertaining than the real things.

Eva Thompson
Savannah, Ga.

MORONED

Your satire of "Marooned" was really great and very funny. After shelling out a couple of bucks to see this "dull space idiocy," it was certainly a refreshing experience to read your MAD version of it. Keep it up!

Laszlo J. Ferenczi
Santa Monica, Calif.

Your satire of "Marooned" was exactly like the movie. The comedy was the same, the drama was the same, everything was the same . . . boring!!

Alan Zubris
Philadelphia, Pa.

Personally, I felt that "Marooned" was a great triumph for the movie-makers, and "Moroned" was a great triumph for the idiots of MAD!

Christopher Cullens
Redlands, Calif.

Your version of "Marooned" was simply "out of this world"!

Aurelio Stagnaro
Glenside, Pa.

IF PEANUTS WERE A WEEKLY TV SERIES

"If Peanuts Were A Weekly TV Series" was a masterpiece—a stroke of genius on the part of Lou Silverstone and Jack Rickard. So how come it was in MAD?

Jeanne Robbins
Buzzards Bay, Me.

In "If Peanuts Were A Weekly TV Series," some of the shows you describe would still be better than the garbage they show on TV these days!

Joel Maxman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I agree with your article on the prospect of making "Peanuts" into a regular weekly TV show and having it fall into formularized tired formats. Therefore, I offer this advice to you: Make MAD a yearly magazine!

Randy Earley
Mobile, Ala.

THOSE WONDERFUL SIXTIES

My congratulations to Larry Siegel for "Those Wonderful Sixties." Honest and witty, it will prove to be one of your best satires! Bravo!

Jay Wynshaw
Sestri Levante, Genoa, Italy

Your article, "Those Wonderful Sixties," made me sick—mainly because it was all too true.

Linda Suhr
Concord, Calif.

Congratulations for your sensational article, "Those Wonderful Sixties." Unfortunately, you forgot one revolting item, mainly: Who remembers that nutty magazine that brainwashed the minds of millions—MAD?

Howard Wolin
Danny Newmark
Los Angeles, Calif.

TV PREMIER NEWSPAPER STORY

I enjoyed all eight trillion, nine hundred sixteen billion, one hundred million, four hundred and forty-eight thousand, two hundred fifty-six (8,916,100,448,-256) possibilities of "MAD's All-Inclusive Do-It-Yourself TV Premier Newspaper Story" even more than the eight trillion, nine hundred sixteen billion, one hundred million, four hundred and forty-eight thousand, two hundred fifty-six possibilities in "MAD's All-Inclusive Do-It-Yourself Protest Newspaper Story" of last summer! Add that to your list of classic comments!

Danny Peele
Bear Grass, N.C.

THE MAD LOVE BOOK

"The MAD Love Book" was GREAT!! I fell in love with it at first sight!

John C. Petraitis
Douglaston, N.Y.

What's going on? Your "MAD Love Book" wasn't satirical, insulting or mean. It was actually nice and sweet! Are you guys cracking up or something?

Robert Reid
Itasca, Ill.

In regard to your "MAD Love Book," you left out one: Don't you just love . . . finding a really funny article in MAD for a change!

Dan Grise
Birmingham, Ala.

Don't you just love . . . reading an article like "The MAD Love Book" and loving every minute of it!

Sharon Hirschhorn
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Don't you just love . . . February, May, August and November because those are the months when MAD isn't published!

Steve Pearl
Hewlett, N.Y.

Don't you just love . . . getting the "MAD Fold-In" to line up!

John Carvala
Fontana, Calif.

Don't you just love . . . getting a notice telling you your subscription to MAD has expired!

Brian Kennedy
Columbia, Mo.

Don't you just love . . . writing a letter to MAD and seeing it printed!

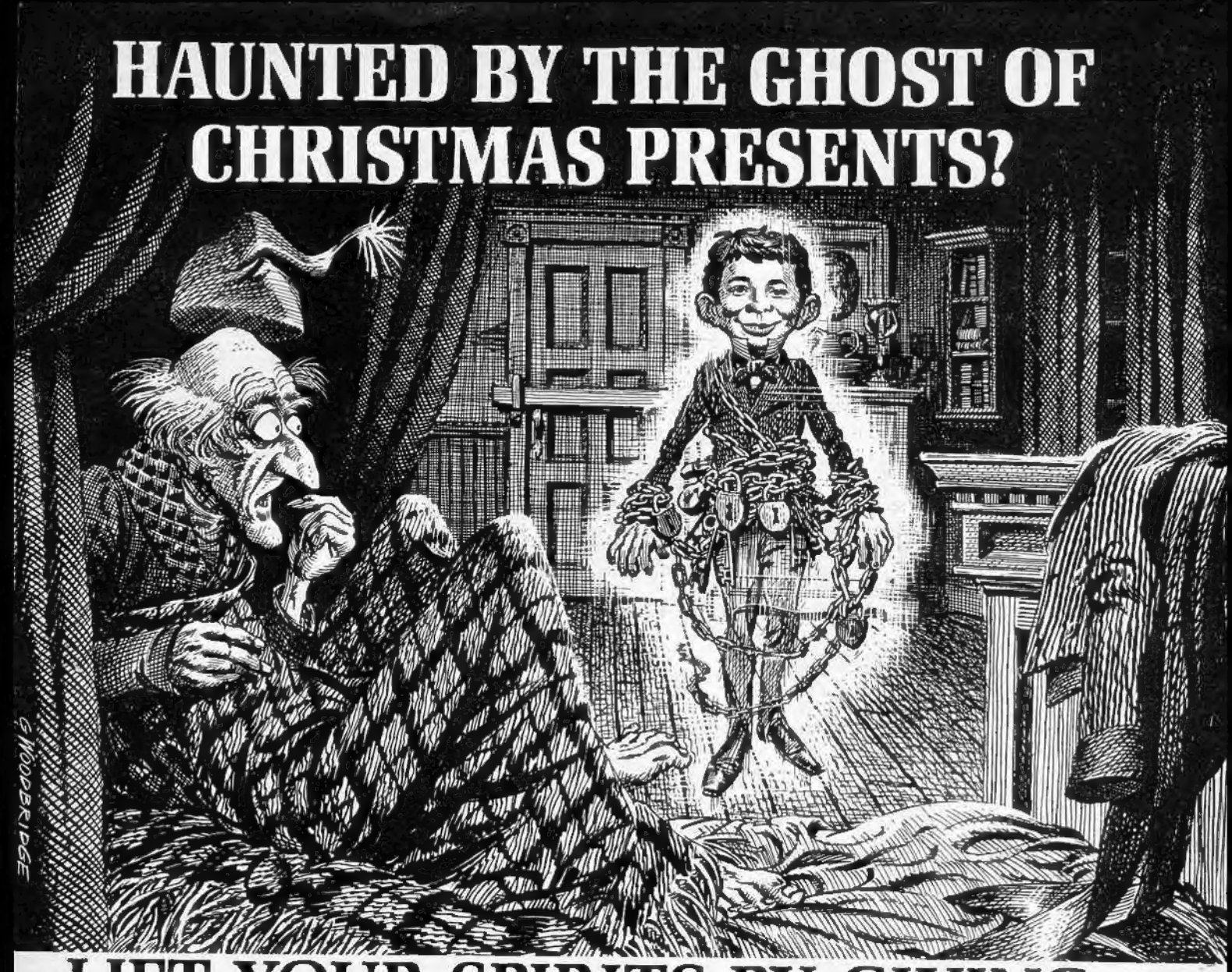
Steve Casaw
Morris Plains, N.J.

MAD MIRROR

Bravo for a job well done! Stick with your satires (or truths) and keep giving America's "people machines" a good look at themselves!

Janis Pegram
Dallas, Texas

Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 140, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022



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_____

TEN—HUT!! Okay . . . now hear this, you @#$%¢&! MAD readers, and hear it good! I know you don't usually read any @#$%¢&! introductions to articles in this @#$%¢&! magazine . . . but you're going to read this one!
And you're going to read this @#$%¢&! introduction because I TOLD you to! And what's more, you're going to read the rest of the #$%¢&! article that follows this @#$%¢&! introduction, and you're going to read it FIRST!!
You're NOT going to turn to "You Know You're Really A @#$%¢&! When . . ." or Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of @#$%!" You're going to read THIS because it's a #$%¢&! funny satire of a @#$%¢&! great movie about my @#$%¢&! great life as a chicken-@#$%¢&! General during W.W. II!
Hey, you out there! Stop picking your @#$%¢&! nose and pay attention to me, or I'll kick your @#$%¢&! all the way from here to Berlin!
Sale
GM
JETS
SHELL
PLAZA SUITE
SAVE
DRUCKER

And **YOU**—you @#¢$%&! cheap little eight-year old @#$%¢&! Better stop **peeking** at this @#$%¢&! story at the **magazine rack** and **BUY** your own copy, or I'll draft your @#$%¢&! right into the @#$%¢&! **Army!**

Now, here's my military philosophy! No @#$%¢&! ever won a war by dying for his country! You win a war by letting the **OTHER** @#$%¢&! die for **HIS** country!

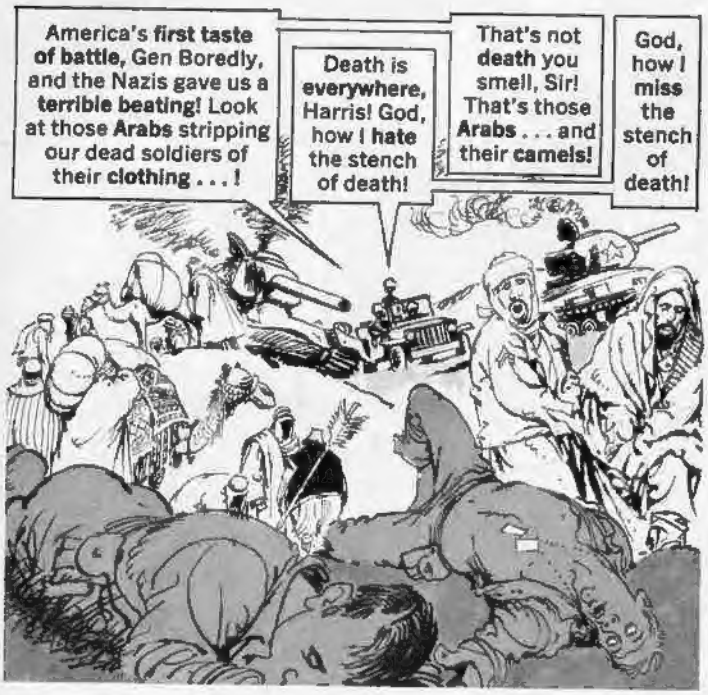
And **HOW** do you let the **OTHER** @#$%¢&! die for his country? You **KILL** the other @#$%¢&! **THAT'S how!**

So if you want to win a war, you gotta **kill every other** @#$%¢&! And if that includes **ENEMY** @#$%¢&!'s—so much the **better!** All right! You will now sit and pay attention and you will begin reading this story about killing other @#$%¢&!'s . . . and you will **finish** it . . . and you will **enjoy** it . . . and that's a @#$%¢&! **order!** Otherwise, you'll answer to . . .

PUT ★ ON

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



You!! Soldier! Look alive when I talk to you! You call yourself a member of the U.S. Army? I say you're a @#$%¢&! disgrace! Look at your @#$%¢&! uniform! Look at your @#$%¢&! posture! You're confined to your @#¢$%&! barracks for the rest of this war . . . and for the first two years of the next war . . . if we have another one—God willing!!
Well . . . don't just stand there! DISMISSED!!
Wow! If that's how he talks to his superior officers, WE'RE DEAD!!!
This is the filthiest @#$%¢&! barrack I've ever seen! Dirty floors . . . dirty walls . . . dirty beds! And what's this?! DIRTY PIN-UP PICTURES?!?
Is that all you can think about, Soldier? Dirty @#¢$%&! SEX!
Not exactly, Sir—
But, Sir! I don't think you know—
You want exciting fantasies at night? I'll give you MY pin-up pictures to hang! 8 x 10 glossies of mutilated Germans!
What would your Mother say if she saw this picture? Your gray-haired, kind, loveable American Mother . . . sitting at home, knitting for the Red Cross and baking apple pie! Soldier, you've got a dirty mind!
B-but, Sir! That pin-up picture IS my Mother!!
Soldier . . . you've got a dirty Mother!!
Next barracks! Hmmm! What are these men doing in bed? It's past 0500! Everyone on your feet for close order drill— then five laps around Morocco!
But, Sir! This is a hospital!
Okay! Make it FOUR laps around Morocco! And men with leg wounds can crawl!
Now, what's YOUR problem, Soldier?
I've got shrapnel in my back, General!
Well, don't just lie there! As long as you're in that position, DO PUSH-UPS!!
What's wrong with him?
He's dead, Sir!
That's no excuse! Make him stand at attention!

Ach! Zis mission should be a piece of kuchen, Hermann! Ve come in low over ze town, ve shpray them mit machine gun fire, und zen ve bomb zem—

Turn back, Carl! It's a trap! Ve're outnumbered!

Outnumbered?! Ze Americans haf no planes, no anti-aircraft guns, nuttink! All I see is zat dumkopf in ze middle of ze road firing two pistols at us!

Zat iss vot I mean! Zat iss General George Put*on! Take it from me—ve're outnumbered!!

Take that, you #¢$%&! Kraut! And that . . . and that!!

Mein Gott! He's a madman! But now ve get him! He ran out of bullets!

Turn back, Carl! Please! He'll find OTHER weapons!!

Gott in Himmel! Now, he's throwink rocks at us!

Vit vot . . . ?

Turn back! You don't know zis idiot! He'll destroy you vit anythink! He killed by brother Vilhelm in ze desert a few weeks ago!

You von't believe zis, but he BIT him to death!!

Hah! NOW, ve get him! He ran out of bullets und he ran out of rocks!

Ach du lieber! He got me right in ze eyes! I can't see! Zis iss it! Ve're goink to crash!

Carl! Vot happened to us?!

YOU'RE not goink to believe ZIS, Hermann—but a bomber in Der Fuehrer's Luftvaffe vas just shot down mit SHPIT!

Brilliant, George! One of the greatest single-handed feats of this war! One of the greatest feats of this century!

You call this a WAR?! You call this a CENTURY!?

BLAM

They don't make wars like they used to! Gee I miss the Spanish Inquisition! The water torture! The cutting out of tongues! Why don't we cut out tongues anymore? And who remembers what's-his-name? Attila The Hun!? What a wild, crazy nut . . . with his pillage and rapine! What ever became of pillage and rapine?

And what about that Oriental kook, Ghengis Khan, and his lovable Hordes? Gee, I'd love to slaughter with my own Horde! And what about those goofy Crusaders with their torture racks for Pagans—burning heretics in the name of God? What's become of us? Why aren't we religious anymore?

The old man going down Memory Lane again?

Shhh! Don't disturb an old soldier and his dreams!

Well, Corporal, it looks like I've been ordered to lead the American Army in the **Invasion of Sicily . . .**

Yes, General! **Your ermine field jacket** with **73 combat decorations . . .**

Check . . .

Your gold lame garrison pants with uranium stitching . . .

Check . . .

Your solid gold helmet liner . . .

Check . . .

Your diamond-studded combat boots, your **pearl-handled revolvers,** your **ceremonial sword** and **silver carbine,** custom-made to fit the contour of your spine . . . and your **silk ascot** that lights up at night and says, **"Let me kill you in the dark, Baby!"**

Check! You've done a great job with these **pajamas,** Corporal! Now, you won't forget to lay out my **dress uniform** for the **Invasion of Sicily** tomorrow!

I won't forget, Sir! Good night!

WAR GAMES BY ROMMEL

Gentlemen, we push off for Sicily at **0900!** Now, here's the **Battle Plan . . .**

Field Marshal Monkmemory— you will lead the British Forces **northeast to Messina!** While, **you, General Put★on,** will assist the British by leading the American forces **northwest to Palermo!**

Wait! I have a **better** plan! If **my** forces go **east** instead of west, we can **cut the enemy to pieces!**

Hmmm! It **could** be a way of destroying the German enemy!

What GERMAN enemy!? I'm going to destroy the **British** enemy! If you think I'm going to follow **HIS act** and let **Monkmemory upstage me . . .**

Sorry, George, but this is **MY war!** I get **top billing!** It says so **here—** in my **contract: "WORLD WAR II . . . STARRING FIELD MARSHAL MONKMEMORY . . .** with General George Put★on . . . and a cast of Thousands . . ."

"WITH"? All I get is a "WITH"?!

That's **it,** George! You have your orders from **Gen. Eisenhower! Follow** them!

Give me a break-down of my **forces,** Major Brownoze!

Right, Sir! Your forces at the moment consist of **3000 correspondents, 2000 still-photographers, 1,100 camera-men, 150 PR men, 74 make-up men, your agent,** and . . . My God, we **forgot** something!

What did we forget?

The **Troops,** Sir!

Troops? Who needs **Troops! I'M** the Troops! All right, everybody ready?

LIGHTS!

CAMERAS!

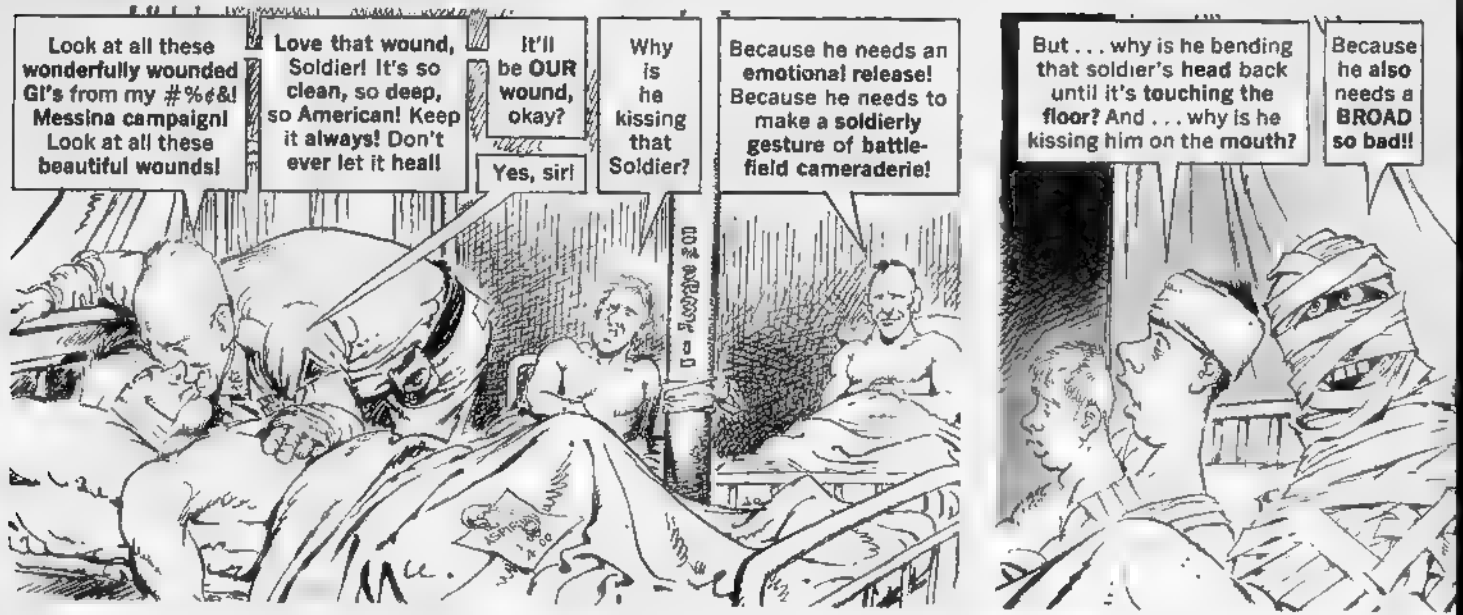
W A R !

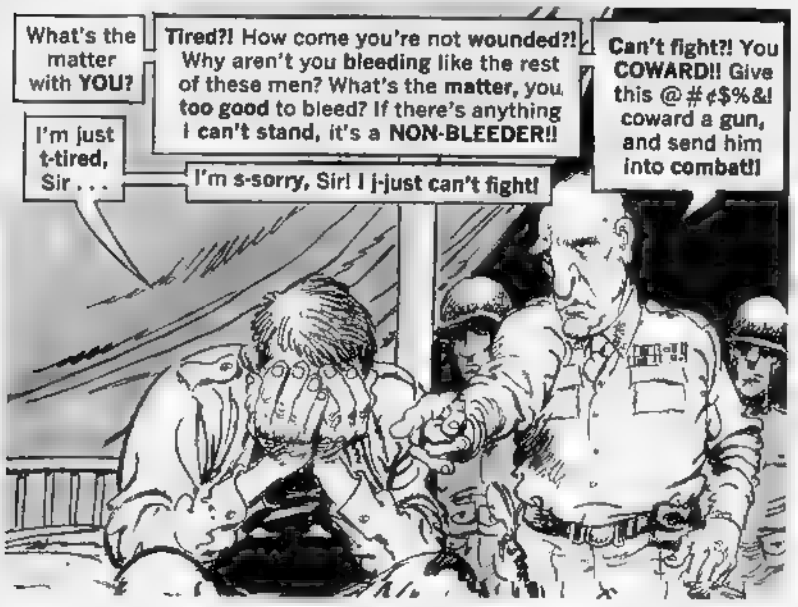
WEST TO PALERMO!!

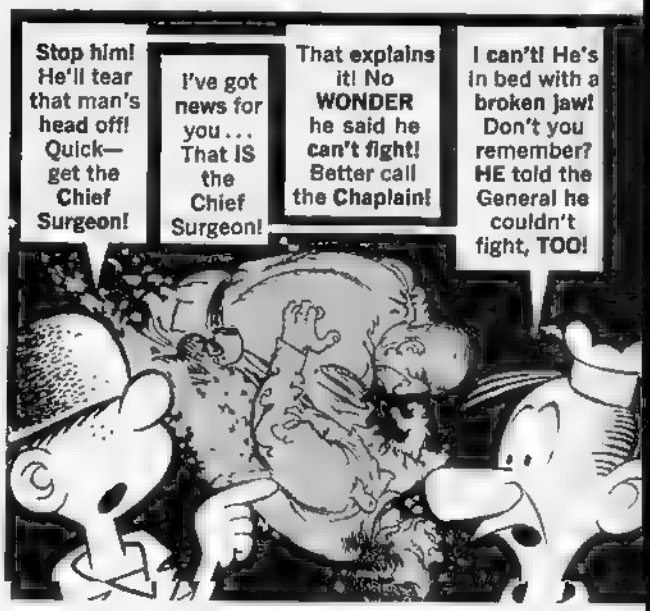
Hold it! Hold it! I changed my mind! EAST TO MESSINA!!

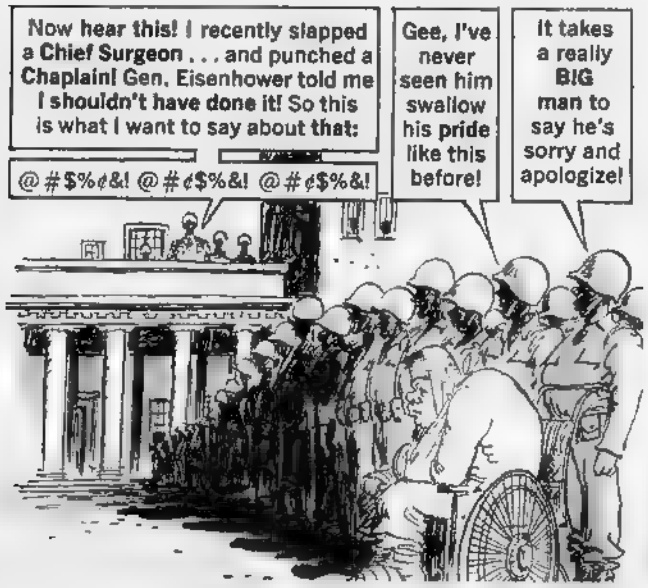
But your orders from **Gen. Eisen-hower?!**

Hang that @#$%¢&! Gen. Eisenhower! Look where those **cameramen** are!! You think I'm going to let them photograph my bad side?! The **left** side of my face is my good side! So—**EAST TO MESSINA!!**


Look at all these wonderfully wounded GI's from my #%¢&! Messina campaign! Look at all these beautiful wounds!
Love that wound, Soldier! It's so clean, so deep, so American! Keep it always! Don't ever let it heal!
It'll be OUR wound, okay?
Yes, sir!
Why is he kissing that Soldier?
Because he needs an emotional release! Because he needs to make a soldierly gesture of battle-field cameraderie!
But . . . why is he bending that soldier's head back until it's touching the floor? And . . . why is he kissing him on the mouth?
Because he also needs a BROAD so bad!!


What's the matter with YOU?
Tired?! How come you're not wounded?! Why aren't you bleeding like the rest of these men? What's the matter, you too good to bleed? If there's anything I can't stand, it's a NON-BLEEDER!!
I'm just t-tired, Sir . . .
I'm s-sorry, Sir! I j-just can't fight!
Can't fight?! You COWARD!! Give this @#¢$%&! coward a gun, and send him into combat!!


Stop him! He'll tear that man's head off! Quick—get the Chief Surgeon!
I've got news for you . . . That IS the Chief Surgeon!
That explains it! No WONDER he said he can't fight! Better call the Chaplain!
I can't! He's in bed with a broken jaw! Don't you remember? HE told the General he couldn't fight, TOO!


Now hear this! I recently slapped a Chief Surgeon . . . and punched a Chaplain! Gen. Eisenhower told me I shouldn't have done it! So this is what I want to say about that:
@#$%¢&! @#¢$%&! @#¢$%&!
Gee, I've never seen him swallow his pride like this before!
It takes a really BIG man to say he's sorry and apologize!

So much for Sicily! Now, on to Europe! God, how I love war! I love the killing, the maiming, the wounding, the destruction! And I even love the UGLY parts of war, too!
Why aren't you men killing?!
Sir, we've been in combat 24-hours-day for three weeks now! We're exhausted! We were just taking a quick ten-minute break . . .
Fine! You're entitled to one! But don't just SIT there! STEP ON ANTS!!

Where's General Put★on NOW?

Last we heard, he passed Berlin . . . and took Moscow!

No, that was hours ago! He's now in either Shanghai—or Tahiti!

I got a report that he just pushed through the Lincoln Tunnel and took Secaucus, New Jersey!

Urgent Communique! He's landed in Rio de Janiero and he's crossing South America to the Pacific by way of the Victory Canal!

Victory Canal?! There's no Victory Canal in South America!

There is NOW! He just built it!

Kill! Kill! Onward! Onward to Little America!

Sir, Little America is at the South Pole! We're here at the North Pole!

Whatever . .

Communique, Sir!

It's sad, I tell you! It's heart-breaking! I've never seen him cry before!

What happened? Have our supply lines been cut? Have we been ambushed by Eskimoes?

Worse . . . Much worse! The Germans surrendered! The war is OVER!!

Those @#¢$%&! Nazis really know how to hurt a guy!

How IS Gen. Put★on . . . now that he's retired and finished with war forever?

Well, he mopes and sulks and dreams a lot!

Does he have any hobbies?

Sometimes, he plays little War Games around the Chateau! Last week, he mined the Latrine! Thursday, he shot the Cook! Yesterday, he bayoneted his Orderly! But . . . well, you know how it is! It's just not the same!!

Now that the war is over, what are the plans of the Joint Chiefs of Staff?

Well, we've got the future to think about! So we've been kicking some ideas around!

None of this is definite, of course! And most of it has only been penciled in—

—But some time around 1950 or so, we figure it might be fun to have a little action in Korea!

Yeah! And maybe a few years later—Well, there's this place called Vietnam!

And right next to it—this place called Cambodia!

But why are you doing this?

Believe us, we're not just doing this for ourselves—

GEORGE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY ON LOCATION

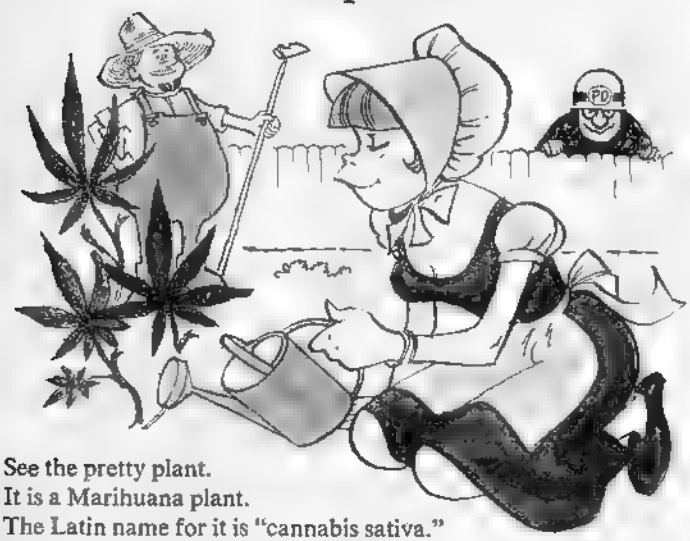
LOCATION
COMMISSARY

NARC, NARC! WHO'S THERE? DEPT.

Have you noticed how confused the world has become lately? You have? That figures! If you weren't confused to begin with, you wouldn't be reading this trash. Still, it's our opinion (and you know what that's worth!) that one of the most confusing problems of all is today's "Drug Scene". Here at MAD, most of us like to get high on halvah and Chinese fortune cookies. We like it that way. But the fact still remains that there is a serious drug problem in this country, and it's getting worse with every sniff, puff and fix. As always, MAD is ready to help. So, adding a touch of chaos to the present ridiculous confusion, we now bring you . . .

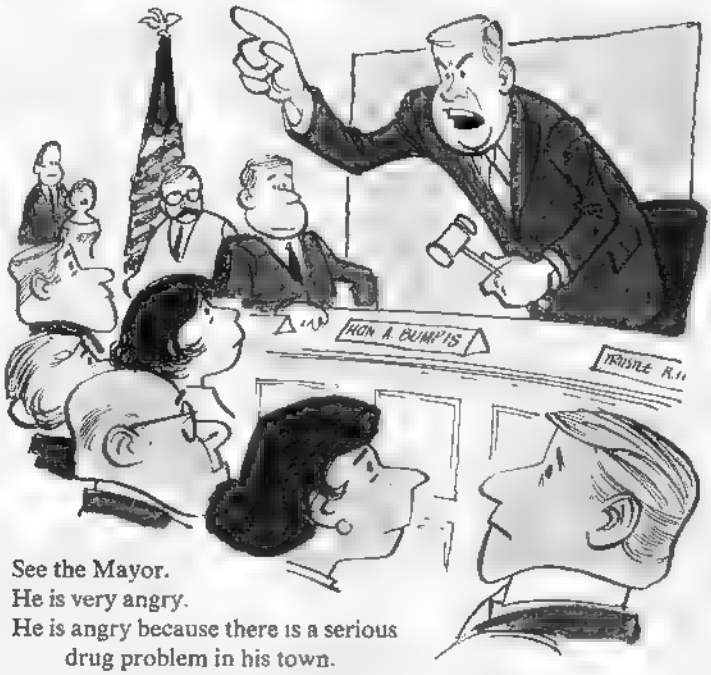
THE MAD BLOW-YOUR-MIND DRUG PRIMER

Chapter 1.



See the pretty plant.
It is a Marihuana plant.
The Latin name for it is "cannabis sativa."
It is also called "pot," "tea," "gage,"
"boo" and "Maryjane."
Would you like to grow this pretty plant in your garden?
If you do, you will soon have a visit from the police.
They are also called "cops," "fuzz," "narcos,"
"pigs" and "the man."
When they see your garden, you will be arrested.
This is also called being "hauled in," "pinched,"
"nabbed," "cribbed," and "busted."
What fun it is to learn new words!
Who would ever think that gardening could be so educational!

Chapter 2.



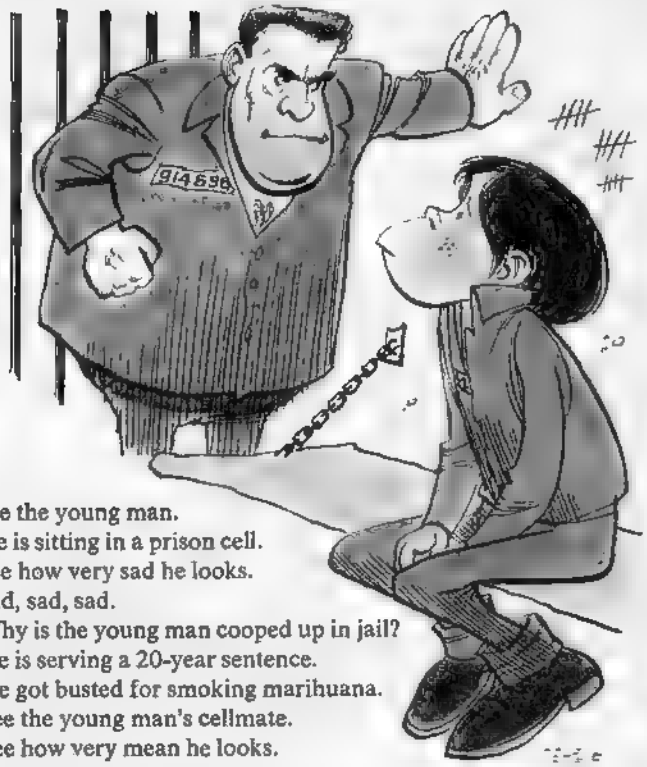
See the Mayor.
He is very angry.
He is angry because there is a serious
drug problem in his town.
He blames the whole thing on today's parents.
He believes today's parents are indifferent and irresponsible.
An hour ago, three teenagers were arrested for "Possession."
See the Mayor blow his stack at today's irresponsible parents.
If you think he's angry now, wait till he finds out
that the three teenagers are his own kids!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: SY REIT

Chapter 3.

See the junkie.
He is waiting for his connection.
The connection is very important to the junkie.
The connection gives the junkie what he desperately needs.
The connection slips the junkie a little "magic something"
that will make his life serene and beautiful.
See the policeman.
He is also waiting for his connection.
The connection is very important to the policeman.
The connection gives the policeman what he desperately needs.
The connection slips the policeman a little "magic something"
that will make his life serene and beautiful.
See the connection?

Chapter 4.

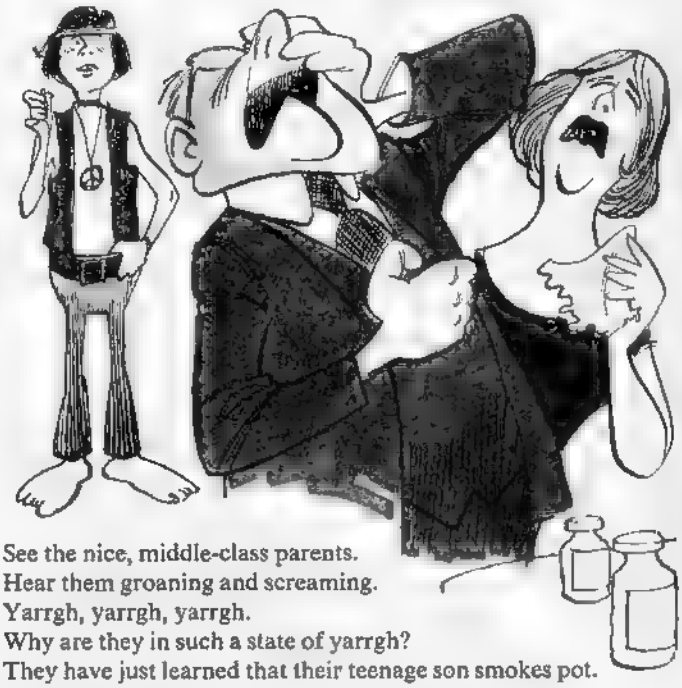


See the young man.
He is sitting in a prison cell.
See how very sad he looks.
Sad, sad, sad.
Why is the young man cooped up in jail?
He is serving a 20-year sentence.
He got busted for smoking marihuana.
See the young man's cellmate.
See how very mean he looks.
Mean, mean, mean.
Why is the mean cellmate cooped up in jail?
The mean cellmate is only serving a 10-year sentence.
All he did was commit arson, rape, and a few assorted murders.

Chapter 5.

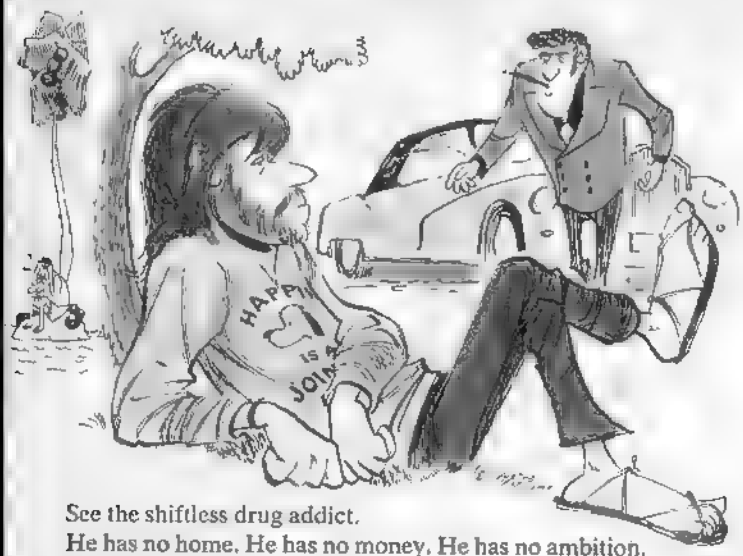
See the other young man.
His name is Elwood.
Elwood loves to travel by air.
Can he afford expensive airline tickets?
Of course not . . . but who needs planes?
Elwood just sucks on a sugar cube of LSD . . . and takes off!
Some day, when Elwood is on LSD
He will zoom right off the roof.
Crash, crash, crash.
Bye-bye, Elwood.
LSD is swell for flying.
The trouble is, it's not much good for landing.

Chapter 6.



See the nice, middle-class parents.
Hear them groaning and screaming.
Yarrgh, yarrgh, yarrgh.
Why are they in such a state of yarrgh?
They have just learned that their teenage son smokes pot.
Nice, middle-class parents do not approve of pot.
No, no, no.
They are against young people using drugs.
The whole idea of their son using drugs is very upsetting to them.
It is so upsetting, they will have to double their usual dose
of tranquilizers and sleeping pills today.

Chapter 7.



See the shiftless drug addict.
He has no home. He has no money. He has no ambition.
All he wants is to be left alone to do his own thing.
Shame on the shiftless drug addict.
He is downright un-American!
See the mighty Mafia chief.
He has wealth. He has power. He has ambition.
Every year, he squeezes millions of dollars out of
poor, sick, helpless drug addicts.
The mighty Mafia chief is a real go-getter.
Three cheers for the mighty Mafia chief.
Thank goodness there are some people who still know
what this great country of ours stands for!

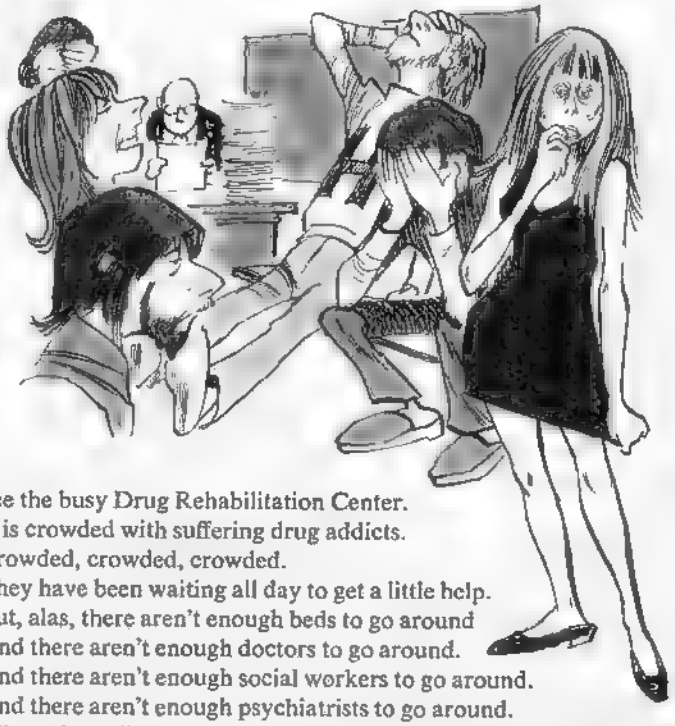
Chapter 8.

See the Senator.
The Senator is making an important speech.
It is a speech against legalizing marihuana.
The Senator has strong ideas about drugs.
In his opinion, all drugs are reprehensible.
He points out that drugs can be harmful to the human body.
Harmful, harmful, harmful.
Why does the Senator look so shaky and glassy-eyed?
You'd be shaky and glassy-eyed too
If you had as many martinis for lunch as he did!

Chapter 9.

See the nice freaked-out Hippie couple.
The nice, freaked-out Hippie couple does everything together.
They smoke hash together.
They drop acid together.
They shoot heroin together.
They take mescaline, cocaine, "speed" and "bennies" together.
They experiment with all kinds of crazy drugs together.
When the baby comes, they will take care of it together.
And they will name it together.
What will the nice, freaked-out couple name their new baby?
That all depends . . .
On whether the baby is a "he"—a "she"—or an "IT"!

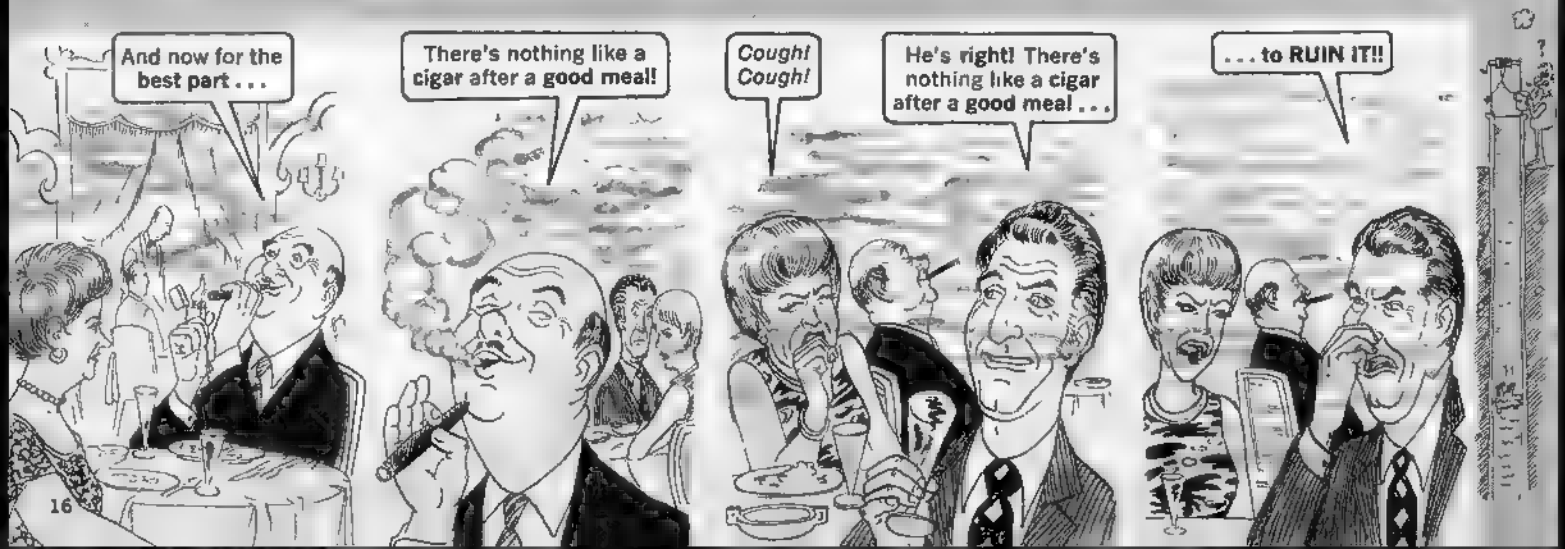
Chapter 10.



See the busy Drug Rehabilitation Center.
It is crowded with suffering drug addicts.
Crowded, crowded, crowded.
They have been waiting all day to get a little help.
But, alas, there aren't enough beds to go around
And there aren't enough doctors to go around.
And there aren't enough social workers to go around.
And there aren't enough psychiatrists to go around.
Where does all the money go that is voted for Drug Rehabilitation?
That's easy!
It goes to Federal and State Commissions
that investigate *why* there aren't enough beds
or doctors or social workers or psychiatrists to go around!

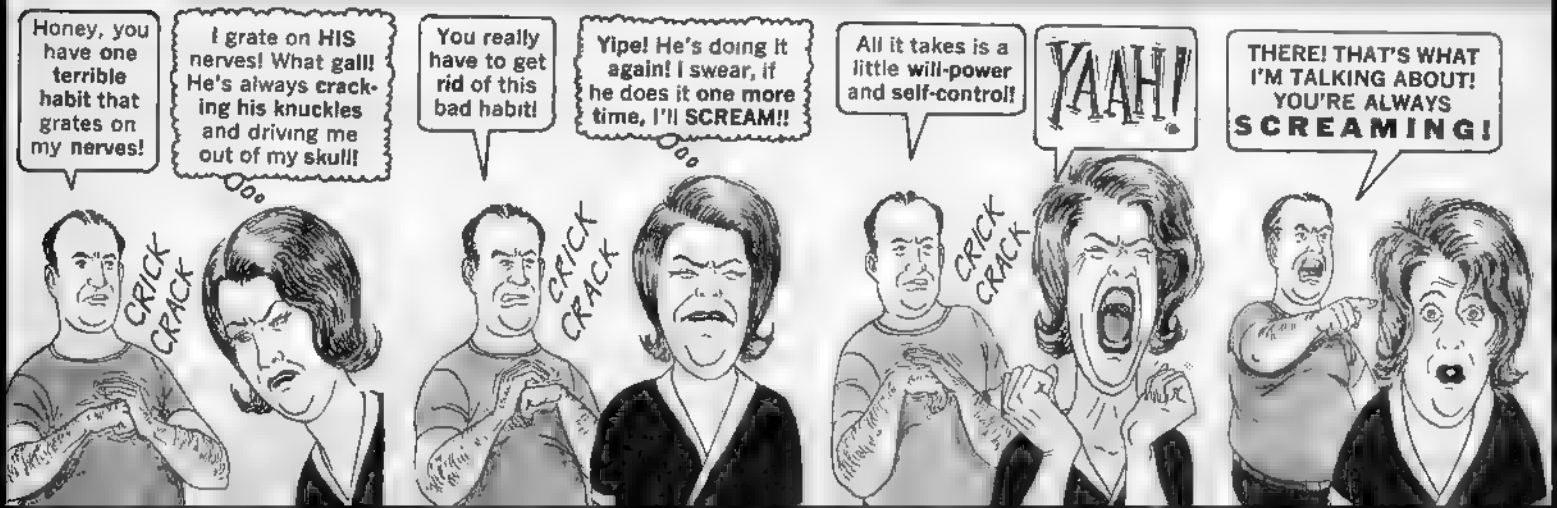
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... BAD



HABITS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



I finally got you to break that nasty and dangerous habit of smoking cigarettes—and now you've got another disgusting habit! Chewing gum!!

But that's how I broke the cigarette habit . . . by chewing gum, instead!

Why do all your bad habits have to do with your mouth?

I guess it's a form of insecurity that goes back to my weaning period!

I don't care! I pulled the cigarette out of your mouth, and now I'm telling you to spit out the chewing gum! Go find another substitute!

PLUNK

I'm a terrible person! I've got this awful hang-up! I'm a compulsive gambler! It's like being an alcoholic! I keep gambling away the rent and the food money while my poor family goes without!

I've got to CHANGE!! And I WILL! I swear it! I'm NEVER EVER GOING TO GAMBLE AS LONG AS I LIVE!

You SAY it . . . but you don't mean it!

Oh, yeah?! You don't think I can do it . . . ?!

HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BET?!

Yessiree! I handle things pretty well!

What are you TALKING about?! If you don't have your coffee the minute you get up, you're just no good for the rest of the morning!

And if you don't have a tranquilizer at lunch, you're just no good for the rest of the afternoon! And if you don't have a cocktail before dinner, you're just no good for the rest of the evening!

And if you don't have your sleeping pill before bed, you're just no good for the rest of the night!

Well . . . other than that, I handle the REST of the day pretty well!

My wife says that I'm the messiest person she knows! She says that being a slob is just a bad habit!

She always nags me about it! She says that being a slob is just carelessness!

She says it's the result of laziness . . . of doing things without thinking!

Frankly, I don't know what in heck she's talking about!

DON'T BE A LITTER BUG

Hey! You still do that!
Do what?
Pull your earlobe when you're uptight!
Oh, that! I didn't even realize it! I remember, before we were married, how you always pointed that out to me and told me how cute it was!
I DID say that, didn't I . . . how cute it was! And now that we've been married for two years, you STILL do that cute little thing!
Well . . . CUT IT OUT!!
I've got this really dumb habit! I'm always LOSING things! I've got the largest collection of "one-of-a-set" items in captivity —like one glove, one ice skate, one ski pole, and a whole bunch of unmatched one-of-a-kind socks!
Then I found out that Charlie McGilla has the same dumb habit! He also has a huge collection of single items! So I put together a bundle of my single items, and I went over to his house to see if we could match them up!
What a clever idea! How did it work out?
Not too well!
On the way over . . . I LOST the bundle!!
Oh, my gosh! Look at the time! I was supposed to meet my wife a half an hour ago at the shopping mall!
I'm a fine one to talk! For years I've been yelling at her for constantly being late! And now I'm guilty of it myself! What in heck can I say to her?
HEY! She's not even HERE!
Oh-oh! There she comes now!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW LONG I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU?!
Do you know—you have a terrible habit when you drive a car?!
ME?! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!
I have a perfect driving record! I've never had a speeding ticket or any traffic violation . . . never a dented fender—
You do it every time you stop for a light!
WHAT?! I never jump the light! I always wait for the pedestrians to finish crossing! WHAT DO I DO?
You pick your nose!!

Will you listen to that! All day long she sings! It's annoying!
I think it's very nice! She has a lovely, soothing voice!
So she has a lovely, soothing voice! It's still annoying!
And her choice of music is in very good taste!
So she has good taste! It's still annoying!
Besides! She's one of those rare people! She's TRULY HAPPY!!
YEAH! THAT'S WHAT'S SO ANNOYING!!
Your posture is terrible, lately! You're getting into the habit of stooping over when you walk!
Throw back your shoulders! Suck in your gut! Remember! You're one of the smartest students in school! You've got one of the highest I.Q.'s! So WALK PROUD!
That's better! See? You can do it! Just remember that you've got POTENTIAL!!
SO WHAT if the girls think you're a creep!?!
Thank you for calling! Yes, I'll take care of it right away! Good-bye!
Do you know that when you talk on the phone, you have a bad habit! You DOODLE! And doodling is an unconscious act! It can be very revealing! F'rinstance, the way you drew this indicates that you are oversexed and promiscuous!
SLAP!
Why did she slap you!
Because of a terrible habit!
Hers. . . ?
No, mine! I psychoanalyze people!
You've heard of husbands who have bad habits?! Well, MY husband has them ALL beat!!
Some husbands drink too much! Some husbands gamble! Some leave their clothes lying around . . . or have certain rituals that can drive you up the wall! Well, you ain't heard nuthin' yet!!
My husband is absolutely impossible to live with!
My goodness! He has that many bad habits!!
NO! HE HAS NONE AT ALL!
David Berg

MAJOR HAWKS

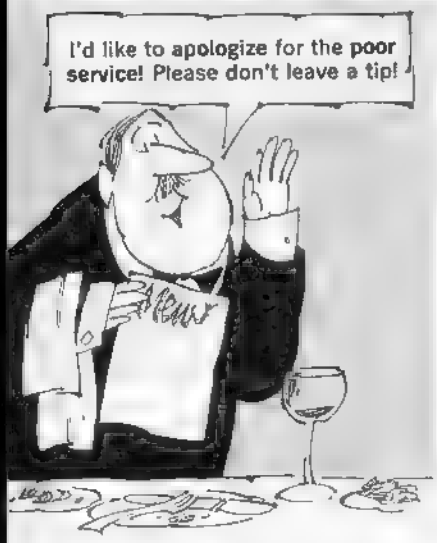
HAWKS & DOVES

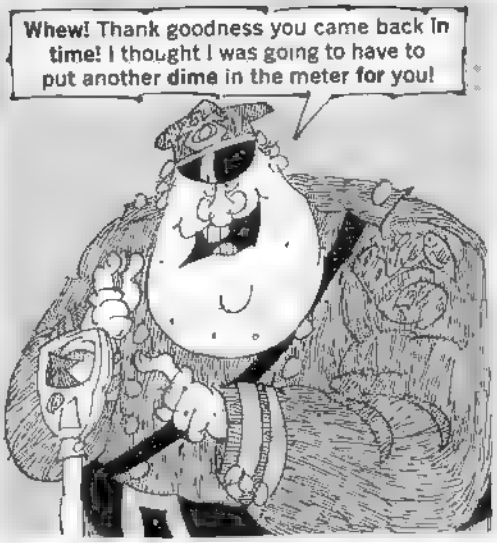
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

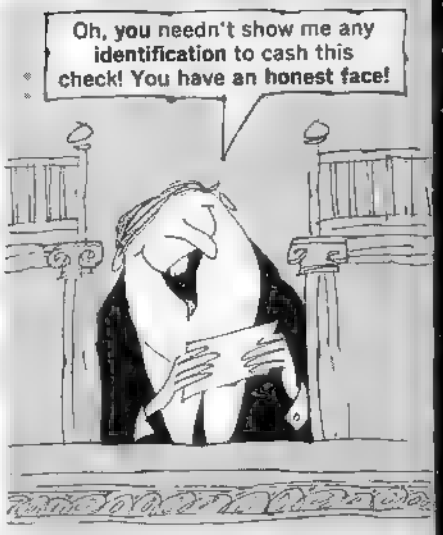
PRIVATE DOVES

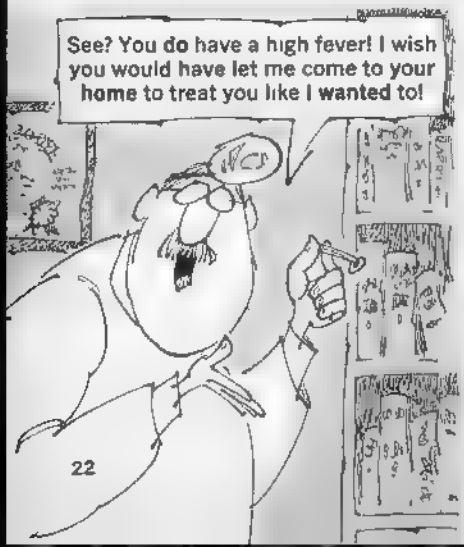
FAT CHANCE! DEPT.

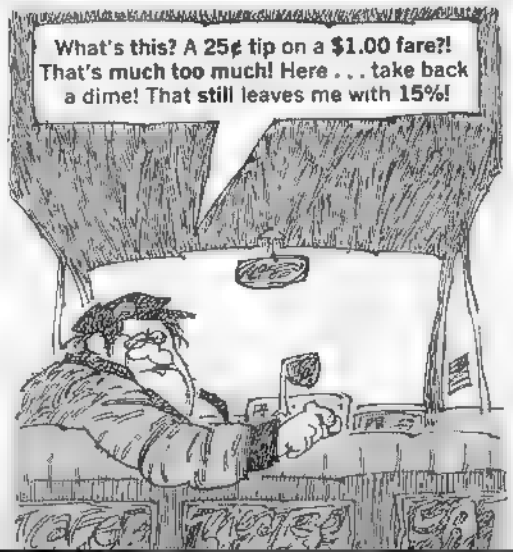
THAT'LL BE







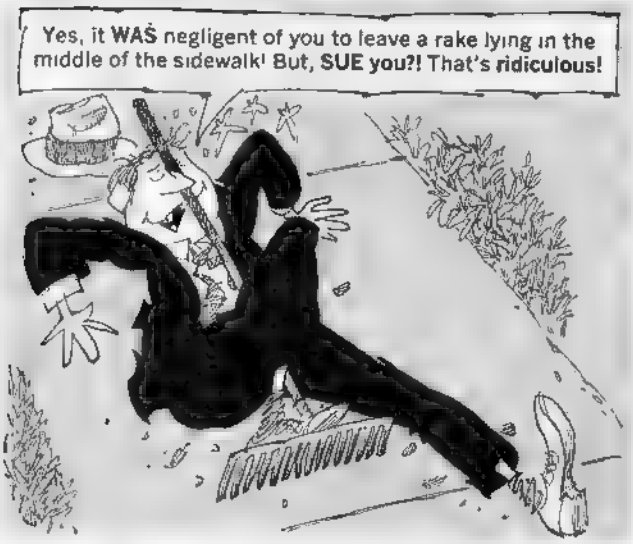


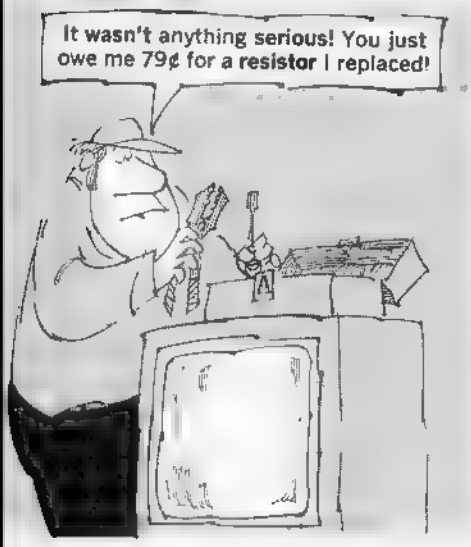


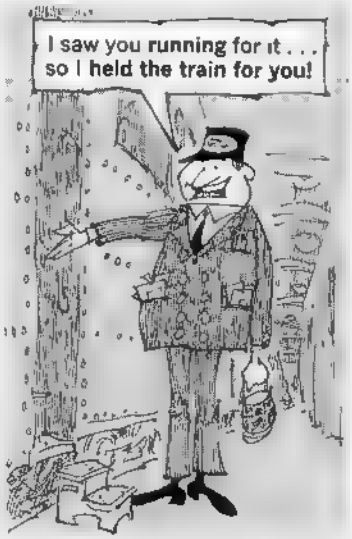
THE DAY!

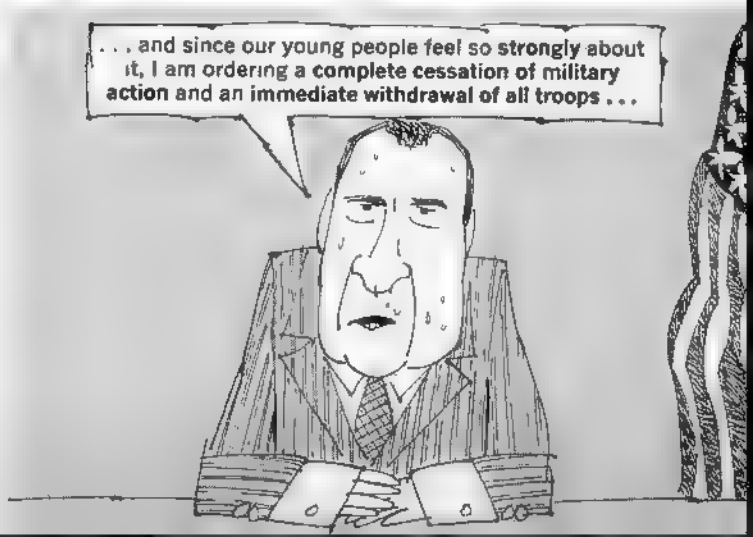
ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:
DICK DE BARTOLO









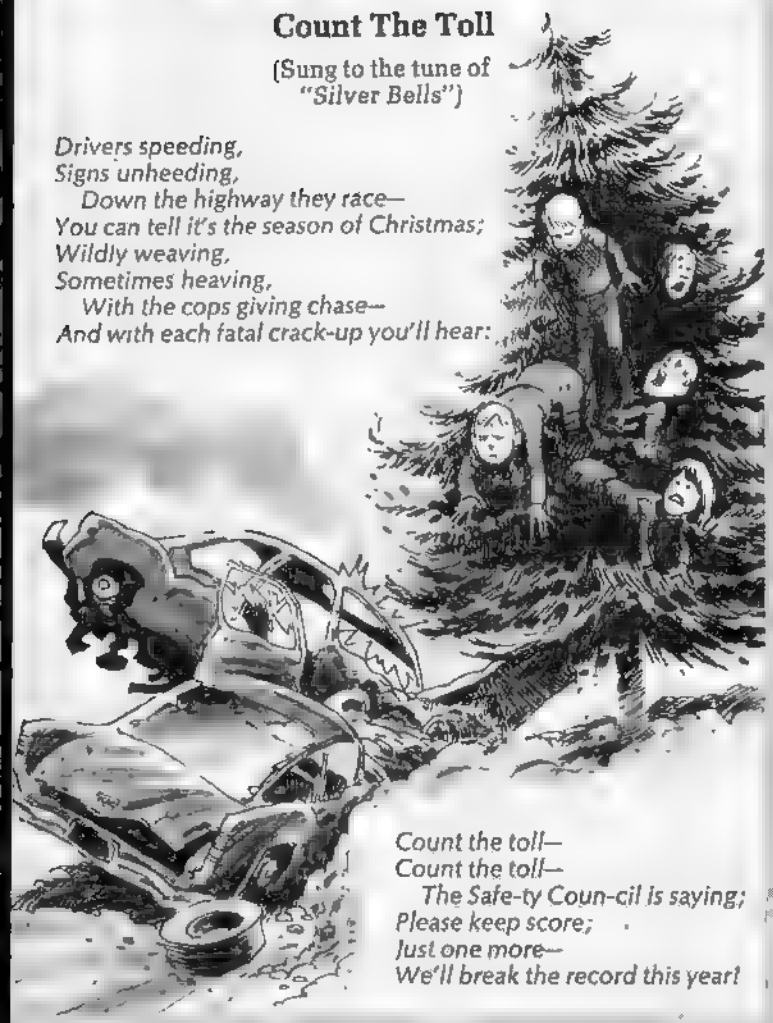
FOLLOW THE BOUNCING CHRISTMAS BALL DEPT.

MAD'S CHRISTM

Count The Toll

(Sung to the tune of "Silver Bells")

Drivers speeding,
Signs unheeding,
Down the highway they race—
You can tell it's the season of Christmas;
Wildly weaving,
Sometimes heaving,
With the cops giving chase—
And with each fatal crack-up you'll hear:



Count the toll—
Count the toll—
The Safe-ty Coun-cil is saying;
Please keep score;
Just one more—
We'll break the record this year!

Hark! The Carol Singers Choke

(Sung to the tune of "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing!")

Hark! The carol singers cho-ke
From the smog and fumes and smoke;
See them rub their itching e-yes
While the soot pours from the skies;
Filthy air their throats expe-l,
Gasping out "The First No-el;"
Joyful voices cough and hack
While the fresh snow is turning black;
When their final song is sung,
They'll head for home—with one less lung!

An Eighty-Foot Manger

(Sung to the tune of "Away In A Manger")

An eighty-foot manger extends to the street;
With wise men and camels the scene is complete,
A choir of angels is perched on a limb
Beneath a loudspeaker that's blaring a hymn,

Our roof features Santa with reindeer and sleigh,
While two dozen floodlights light up the display;
Although it costs thousands, we'd spend even more
Just so we're out-doing our neighbor next door!

AS CAROLS FOR THE 1970 HOLIDAY SEASON

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD • WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Charlie The Mailman

(Sung to the tune of "Frosty The Snow Man")

Charlie the mailman
Brings us letters soaked with rain;
Jams our box so full that the mail is crushed,
And then laughs when we complain;

Harry the milkman
Is the biggest slob in town;
Seldom leaves the quarts that we've asked him for,
When he does they're upside down;

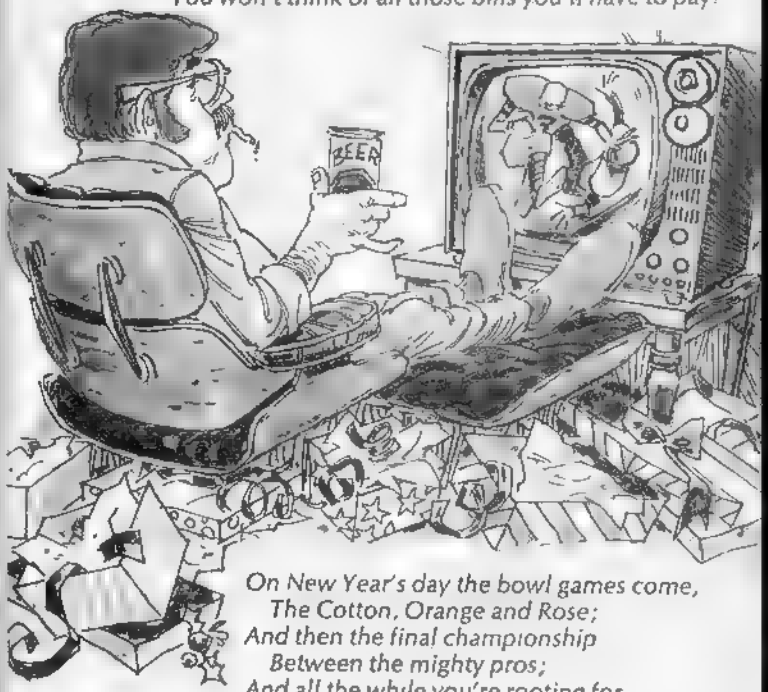
Eleven months throughout the year
they're lousy as can be,
But starting in December they
show great efficiency—

Then
Charlie and Harry
Really show they're full of zip;
And they'll work that way
Every doggone day
Till they get their Christmas tip!

God Rest Ye Faithful Football Fans

(Sung to the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

God rest ye faithful football fans,
This Christmas don't dismay;
Thank God that there's a play-off game
'Tween Dallas and Green Bay;
The TV tube with all its thrills
Will hold you for the day—
You won't think . . . of those bills you'll have to pay,
Bills you must pay—
You won't think of all those bills you'll have to pay!

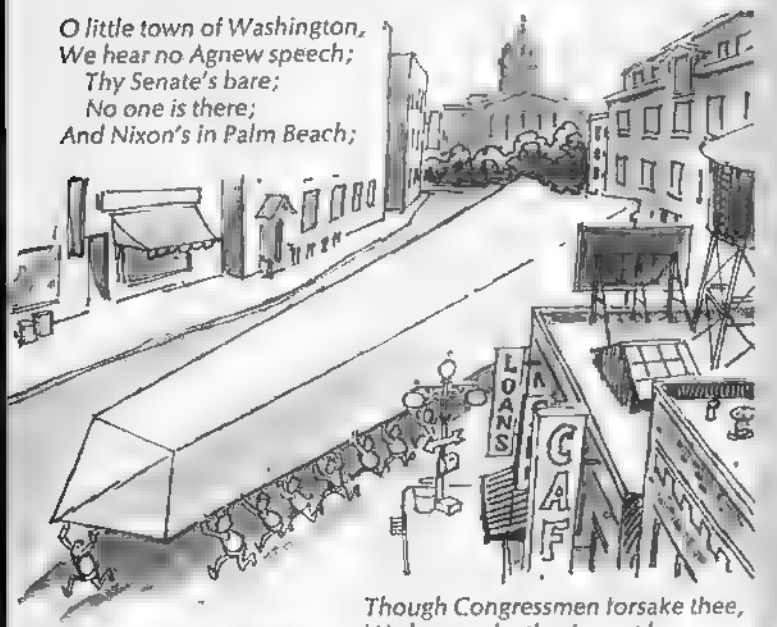


On New Year's day the bowl games come,
The Cotton, Orange and Rose;
And then the final championship
Between the mighty pros;
And all the while you're rooting for
Your fav'rite team to win,
You'll forget . . . all the bills now pouring in,
Bills pouring in—
You'll forget the tons of bills now pouring in!

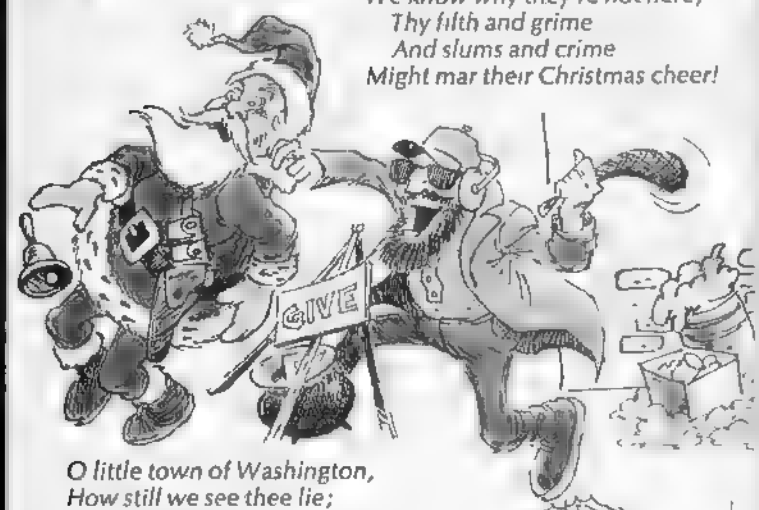
O Little Town Of Washington

(Sung to the tune of
"O Little Town Of Bethlehem")

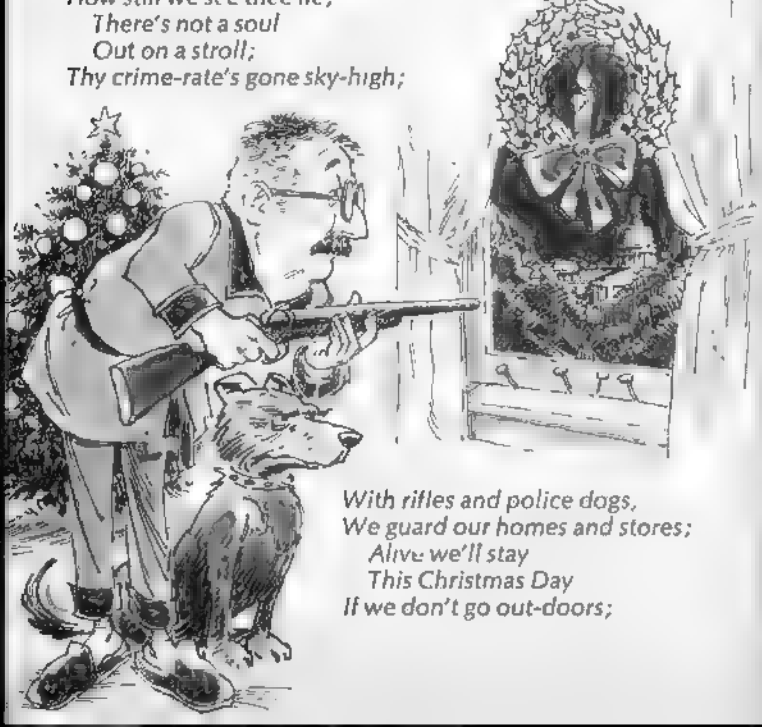
O little town of Washington,
We hear no Agnew speech;
Thy Senate's bare;
No one is there;
And Nixon's in Palm Beach;



Though Congressmen forsake thee,
We know why they're not here;
Thy filth and grime
And slums and crime
Might mar their Christmas cheer!



O little town of Washington,
How still we see thee lie;
There's not a soul
Out on a stroll;
Thy crime-rate's gone sky-high;

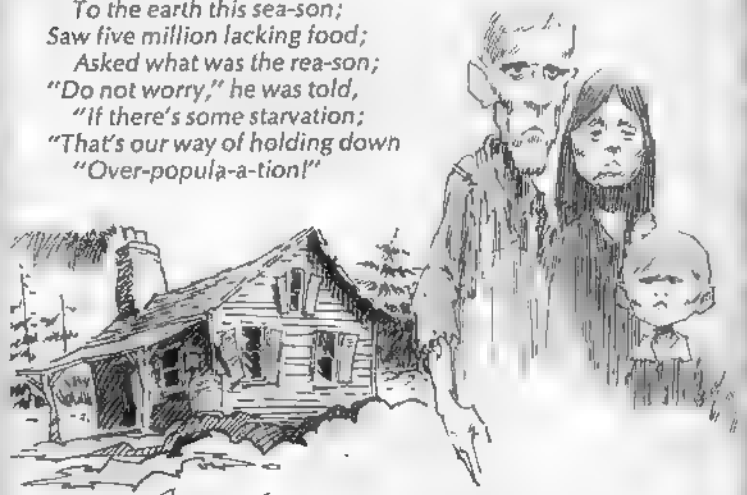


With rifles and police dogs,
We guard our homes and stores;
Alive we'll stay
This Christmas Day
If we don't go out-doors;

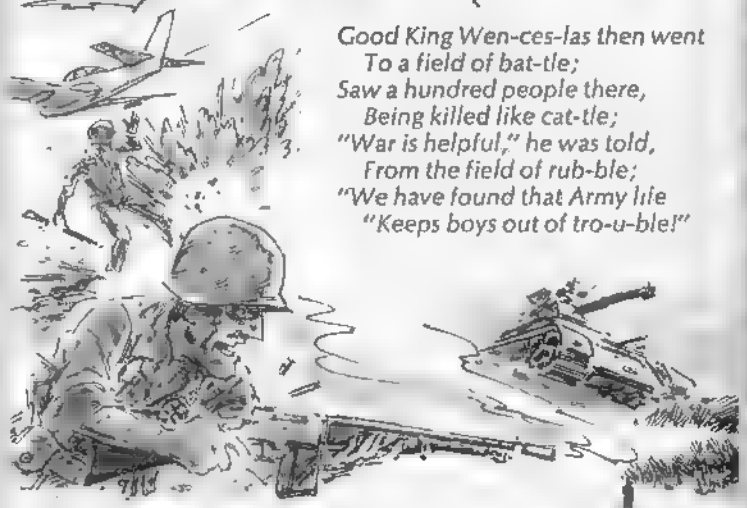
Good King Wenceslas

(Sung to the tune of
the popular carol of that name, stupid!)

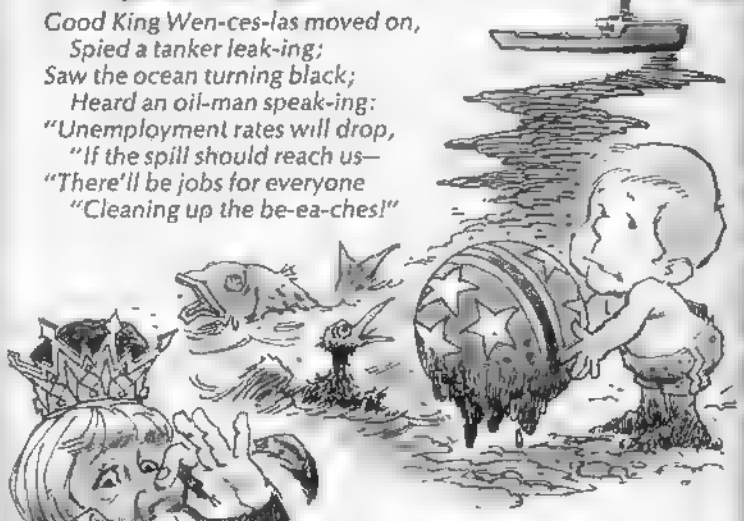
Good King Wen-ces-las came back
To the earth this sea-son;
Saw five million lacking food;
Asked what was the rea-son;
"Do not worry," he was told,
"If there's some starvation;
"That's our way of holding down
"Over-popula-a-tion!"



Good King Wen-ces-las then went
To a field of bat-tle;
Saw a hundred people there,
Being killed like cat-tle;
"War is helpful," he was told,
From the field of rub-ble;
"We have found that Army life
"Keeps boys out of tro-u-ble!"



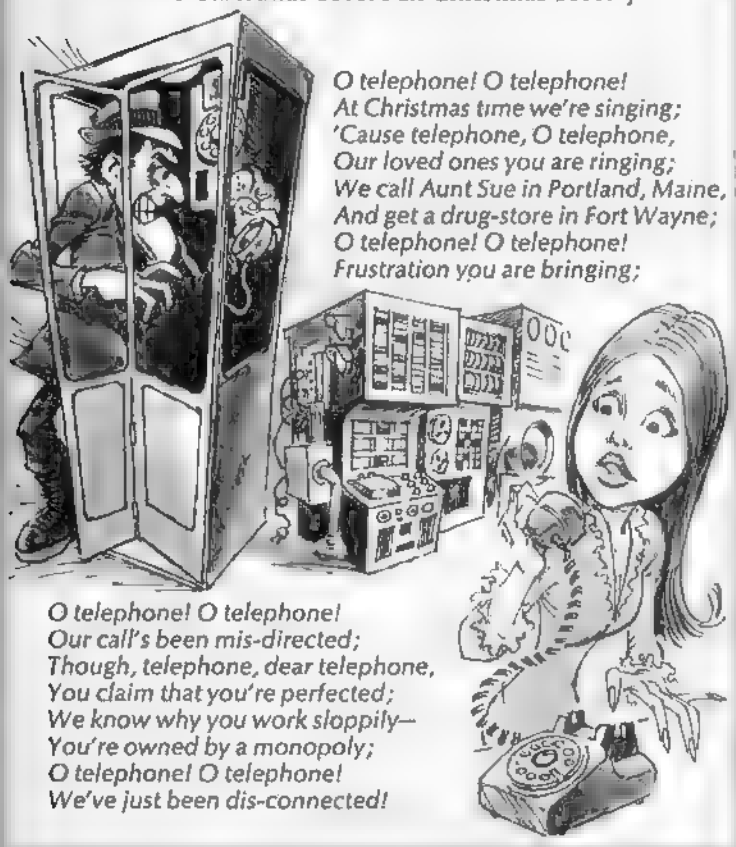
Good King Wen-ces-las moved on,
Spied a tanker leak-ing;
Saw the ocean turning black;
Heard an oil-man speak-ing:
"Unemployment rates will drop,
"If the spill should reach us—
"There'll be jobs for everyone
"Cleaning up the be-ea-ches!"



Good King Wen-ces-las turned off
From the whole routine here;
Went back up to Heaven's Gates,
Told God what he'd seen here:
"Earth is such an awful place,
"Only fit for slum-ming—
"If You're smart, You'll drop all plans
"For the Second C-o-ming!"

O Telephone! O Telephone!

(Sung to the tune of
"O Christmas Tree! Fair Christmas Tree!")



O telephone! O telephone!
At Christmas time we're singing;
'Cause telephone, O telephone,
Our loved ones you are ringing;
We call Aunt Sue in Portland, Maine,
And get a drug-store in Fort Wayne;
O telephone! O telephone!
Frustration you are bringing;

O telephone! O telephone!
Our call's been mis-directed;
Though, telephone, dear telephone,
You claim that you're perfected;
We know why you work sloppily—
You're owned by a monopoly;
O telephone! O telephone!
We've just been dis-connected!

Our Plane We Boarded Last Evening, Dear

(Sung to the tune of
"It Came Upon A Midnight Clear")

Our plane we boarded last evening, dear,
To start on our holiday spree;
We read three books and enjoyed our meal,
And saw a movie for free;
We pushed our seats back and slept till dawn,
Then chatted together past noon;
It's been a pleasure, and now let's hope
That we'll be taking off soon!

They're On Strike! They're On Strike! They're On Strike!

(Sung to the tune of
"Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!")

Oh, the weather outside is cru-el,
And the truck-ers won't bring fu-el;
Their pay offer they don't like—
They're on strike! They're on strike! They're on strike!

Our holiday trash is growing,
But the gar-bage-men aren't showing;
Their pension plan they don't like—
They're on strike! They're on strike! They're on strike!

We've a flood that is pretty rough,
From a break in the water main, dear;
If you want a repairman—Tough!
They're staying out till next year!

We're waiting for Santa's visit;
But his sleigh is late—where is it?
Seems his reindeer won't make the hike—
They're on strike! They're on strike! They're on strike!

PAST TENSIONS DEPT.

Nowadays, if you have a personal problem and you cannot afford a phychiatrist, all you have to do is write to your local newspaper or favorite magazine and you can receive

IF THERE HAD BEEN ADVICE COLUMNS

Dear Abby

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

DEAR ABBY: I am an attractive ward of the King. Recently, I became engaged to the handsomest, bravest man in all the Kingdom. Yet, I am troubled. My fiancee insists upon living in the forest with a group of merry men who wear green leotards and green hats with red feathers. Am I wrong in expecting that he give up living with his friends in the forest after we are married?

—WORRIED

DEAR WORRIED: All men should be permitted an occasional night out with the boys. However, from your letter, I would think your boyfriend ought to have a talk with his Minister, Rabbi or Friar. I am sure that his religious leader will convince him that a married man's place is at home with his wife, and not prancing around the woods with some gay fellas.

* * *

DEAR ABBEY: I'm afraid your advice wasn't much help. His Friar is one of the merry boys that prance around in the woods!

* * *

DEAR ABBEY: I've got a terrible problem, something I thought could never happen to my family. I think my teenage daughter, Wendy, is taking drugs. Last evening, she disappeared from her bedroom, and when I asked her where she'd been, she replied that she'd taken a trip to "Neverland" with a boy named Peter Pan and a fairy called Tinkerbell. And then she told an incoherent story about crocodiles, pirates and mermaids. She said that they'd gotten to this place by flying on "Pixie Dust." Up to now, Wendy has been a very popular girl, and has done well at school.

—FRANTIC FATHER

DEAR FRANTIC: You may be right. It certainly sounds like your daughter is on drugs. "Pixie Dust" is probably another name for "pot" or "hash." In any case, she needs professional psychiatric help immediately. I hope your letter serves as a warning to other parents who think that this sort of thing can never happen to *their* children.

* * *

DEAR ABBEY: How does an attractive girl with a good build compete with a big fish? I am in love with a handsome sailor who is normal in every way except that he has this thing about some white whale. It seems that this whale once bit off my sailor's leg, and all he ever talks about is getting his revenge. All of the other New Bedford girls are getting married while I'm sitting around, waiting for my sailor to catch his whale. He's even given it a name: Dopey Mick, or something like that. How can I convince my sailor to stop wasting his life chasing some fish and start doing normal sailor-things like chasing girls—namely me?

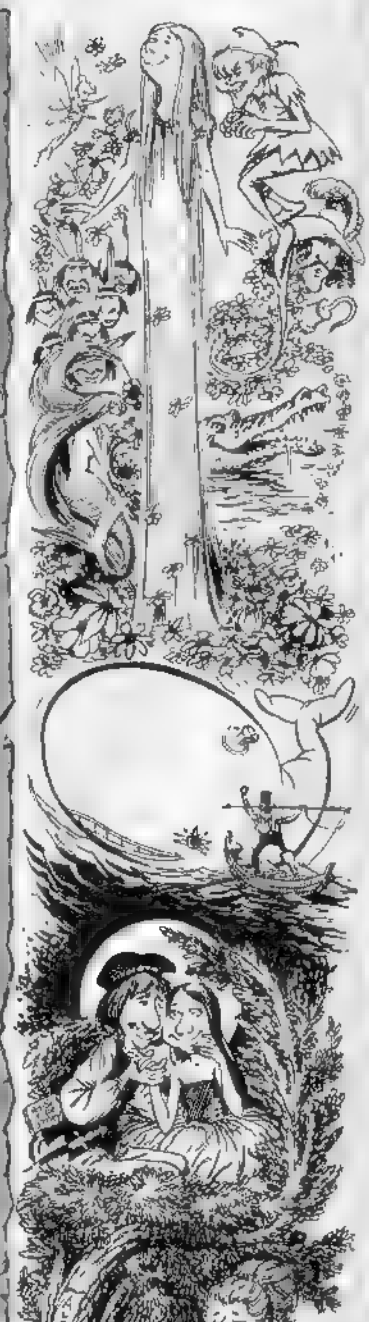
—HOOKED

DEAR HOOKED: Stop floundering around and cut the line. Remember, there are plenty of other fish in the sea. As for your sailor friend, he needs help. Imagine, giving a fish a name!

* * *

CONFIDENTIAL TO "A": Is it worth wrecking your marriage over a piece of fruit? If it will make your wife happy, go ahead—eat the apple!

* * *



advice from such experts as Abigail Van Buren, Dr. Joyce Brothers and Hugh Hefner. But what did people do in "the good old days"? Can you imagine what it would have been like

THROUGHOUT HISTORY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

YE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Grief lies heavy upon my breast. I have been smitten by a rare flower called Juliet. She is rich in beauty and has sworn of her love for me. But, woe! Our families have an ancient grudge and have forbidden our love. We are helpless because, although we are very mature for our ages, she is only 13 and I am only 16.—Romeo M., Verona.

You sound like a swinging kind of guy, so don't freak out because of one chick. Run, don't walk to the nearest exit. Besides, teenage marriages (even mature ones) don't usually work out, and that alimony can be a drag. Enclosed is an application to our Verona Playboy Club. One look at our stacked Bunnies, and you'll forget about Julia, or whatever her name is.

Alas, your letter arrived too late. Romeo and Juliet were married last week, and the next day, they committed suicide. — Nurse to Juliet, Verona.

Sorry to hear about R and J, but it just goes to show what a lack of sex education can do. Enclosed is an application to our Verona Playboy Club, a great place to drown your sorrows.

Last Summer, I met this mature chick whose husband had been killed by muggers. Her marriage had been an unhappy one, and I felt sorry for her. I took her out a few times, and now things have started to get serious. Mainly, she wants me to marry her. She's a lot older than I am (In fact, she's old enough to be my mother!), but despite this age difference, I have a strange compulsion to be with her. We have a lot in common (We even have the same blood type!), and I feel comfortable being near her. Do you think I should marry her?—Oedipus, Athens.

Marrying a woman old enough to be your mother can create some very complex problems. Don't rush blindly into it.

I am crazy about this chick who says she loves me. We have some real great times together, and I want very much to marry this girl. But something is troubling me. She insists that I prove my love by cutting off my ear and sending it to her as a present. What do you think?—Vincent V. G., Arles.

Give this chick the gate instead of your ear. She sounds like a kook. And you don't sound too stable yourself, even considering the suggestion.

I don't wish to appear immodest, but I am considered to be one of the bravest and cleverest men in the kingdom, equally famous for my rapier-like wit and my rapier-like rapier. I have fallen madly in love with the fairest maiden ever created, but I am unable to declare by love for this ravishing damsel due to a physical hang-up: a gigantic growth in the middle of my face—my nose. This deformity prevents me from expressing my true feelings for fear she will laugh at me. Alas and alack, what can a love-smitten Cavalier do?—C. de Bergerac, Paris.

Like so many of you so-called "he-men", you're really chicken. You're hiding behind your nose and using it as an excuse for lack of confidence. Step out of the shadows and turn on that old rapier-like charm!

My friends chide me for being old-fashioned, but I firmly believe in the sanctity of womanhood. Whenever I see those painted, loose women shamelessly flaunting themselves in public (and in your publication), I feel a deep sense of outrage and a mad desire to do something to show them the error of their ways. I live alone and brood a lot. What should I do?—Jack T. R., London.

Stop being so Victorian, Jack. And stop brooding. Go out and enjoy yourself. Meet some chicks. Cut up a bit. Who knows, you might have a ripping good time!

I have trouble impressing girls because I am quite short. Could you recommend some exercises that would make me a few inches taller?—Napoleon B., Corsica.

Size is relatively unimportant. Think "big"—do something spectacular to make the girls look up to you—and you'll have more chicks than you can handle. You might also try wearing elevated shoes.

Guidelines From Dr. Joyce Brothers

Dear Dr. Brothers,

I am a pretty girl with a better-than-average figure. I live in the jungle with my common-law mate, Tarzan. I don't need luxuries and I am perfectly content living in a tree house and wearing a loin cloth. However, I have one complaint: My mate, Tarzan, hardly ever speaks to me except in monosyllables like, "Eat!" or "Sleep!" or "Wash" — while he spends long hours sitting around with his pet Chimpanzee, talking "ape-talk" and laughing uproariously. And what makes it worse is: I am certain they are talking about me.

Jane

Dear Jane,

You see in your mate's pet a rival for his affections. You feel that the Chimpanzee gets more attention than you do. This may be true. Why not get Tarzan to teach you to talk "ape" and then join in their conversations. It is common for people who do not understand a language to feel that they are being talked about. I am sure that your suspicions are unfounded, and you'll find that they are probably exchanging elephant jokes. In addition to learning "ape-talk", you might try a new hair-do and a stylish new loin cloth. Make yourself attractive and I'm sure your mate will spend more time with you. Unless he's got a deeper problem than you have led me to believe.

• • • •

Dear Dr. Brothers,

I have been happily married to the same man for five and eighty years. Lately, however, my husband Noah—who is 600 years old—has been acting strangely. He keeps saying unto me that it is going to rain for forty days and forty nights. I have checked with the Weather Prophets, and they sayeth unto me that we are to have a normal rainfall this year. Noah will not listen, and now spends all of his time in our back yard, building an ark. We are the laughing stock of the neighborhood. What should I do?

Embarrassed

Dear Embarrassed,

When men reach a certain age, they start acting strangely. Consider yourself lucky that your husband is building an ark instead of chasing young girls. Humor him, help him build it, and let the neighbors laugh. Who knows what *their* husbands are doing?

• • • •

Dear Dr. Brothers,

I am a black man married to a white chick. Her family didn't put out any welcome mat when she brought me home to dinner, but we got married anyway. I work for the Government (Where else can a black man earn lots of bread?) and we live in a jazzy pad. Lately, I've been hearing rumors about my wife and one of my white brothers. For a wedding present, I gave my wife a handkerchief . . . and yesterday, I saw my white buddy using it. That honky was honking in my hankie! My wife claims she lost the hankie, but I think there's some hanky-panky going on. I think she's cheating on me because I'm black!

Othello, Moor of Venice

Dear Othello,

The fact that your wife married you over her parents' objections proved that she loved you and wasn't concerned about the color of your skin. All married couples have their differences, their quarrels and their suspicions, and in a mixed marriage, these can be blown out of proportion. I feel you are being overly sensitive about your race, and should show more trust in your wife. Let's face it, a handkerchief isn't exactly the kind of gift a woman cherishes. Next time, try a diamond or a mink cape. They've saved more than one rocky marriage.

• • • •

Dear Dr. Brothers,

By using certain drugs, I have succeeded in splitting myself into two separate and distinct personalities: one, the kindly, benevolent, thoughtful Dr. Jekyll, and two, the evil, woman-chasing, whiskey-guzzling Mr. Hyde. At first, I could control these personality switches, but now they are occurring without the use of drugs. Do you think I can be helped?

Henry Jekyll, M.D.

Dear Dr. Jekyll,

By seeking advice, you show that you want to be helped, and therefore you can be helped. Like so many people who experiment with mind or hallucinagenic drugs, you have turned it into a bad trip. With proper medical and psychiatric care, I am sure that, in time, you will remain the kindly, thoughtful, benevolent Dr. Jekyll permanently.

Dear Dr. Brothers,

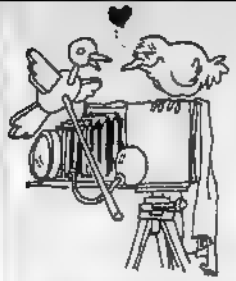
I'm afraid you don't quite understand my problem. I keep switching back to that dull, square fink, Dr. Jekyll, and I can't stand it! I love booze and broads, and I want to remain fun-loving, swinging Mr. Hyde permanently!

Edward Hyde

• • • •

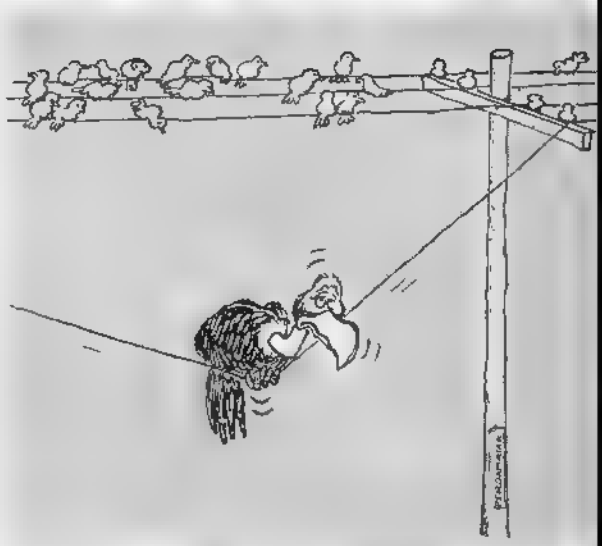
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

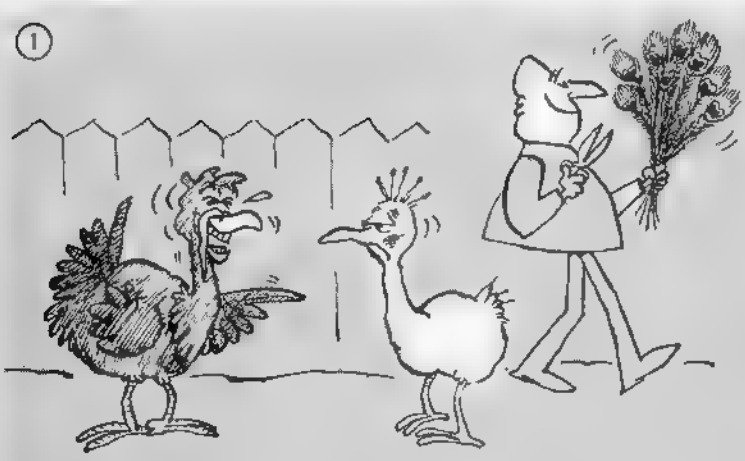
ONE MORNING IN THE LIFE OF AN OPTICIAN

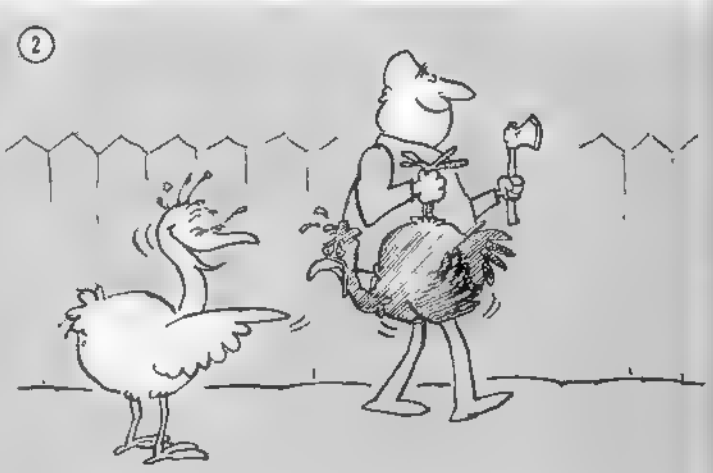


AUDUBON-BONS DEPT.

A MAD LOOK

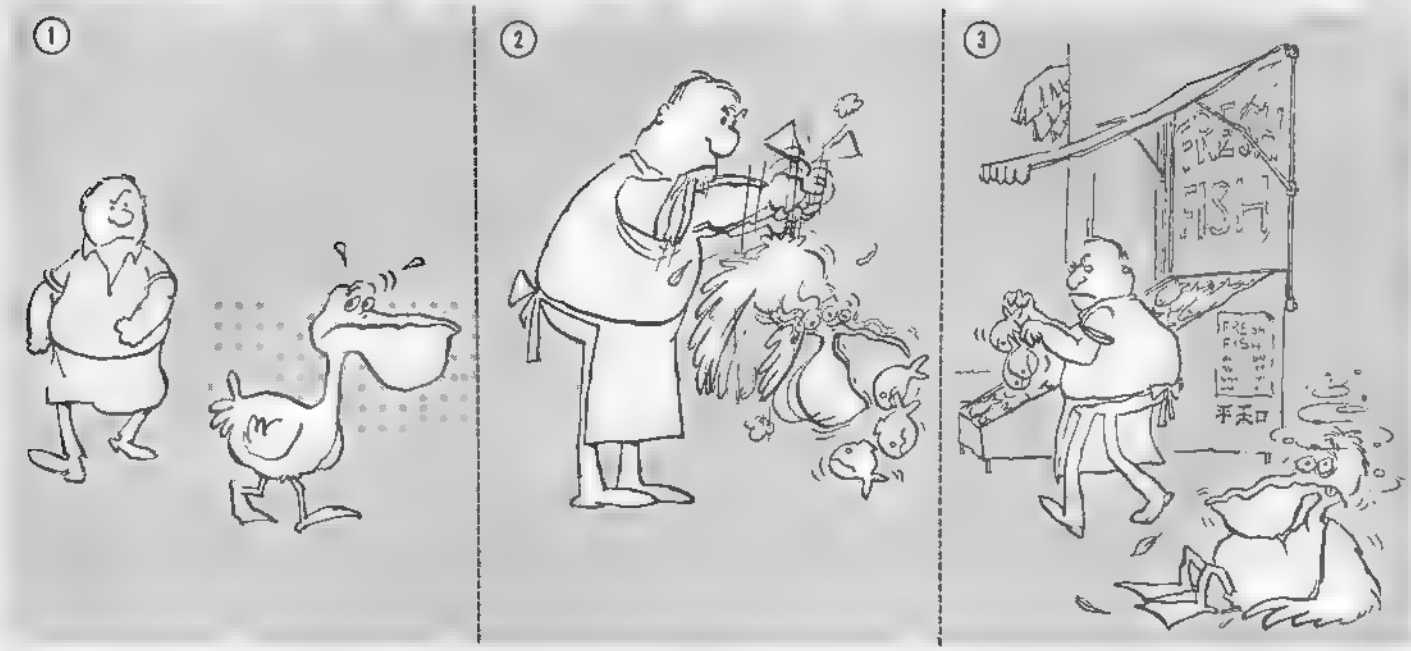


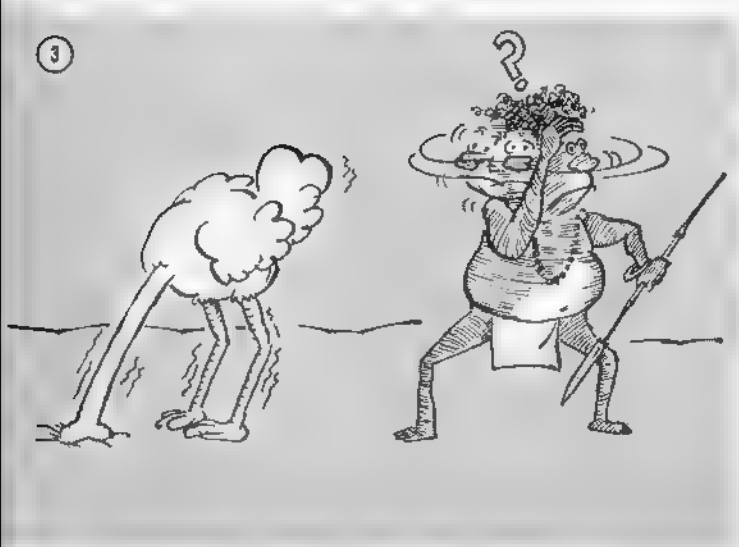


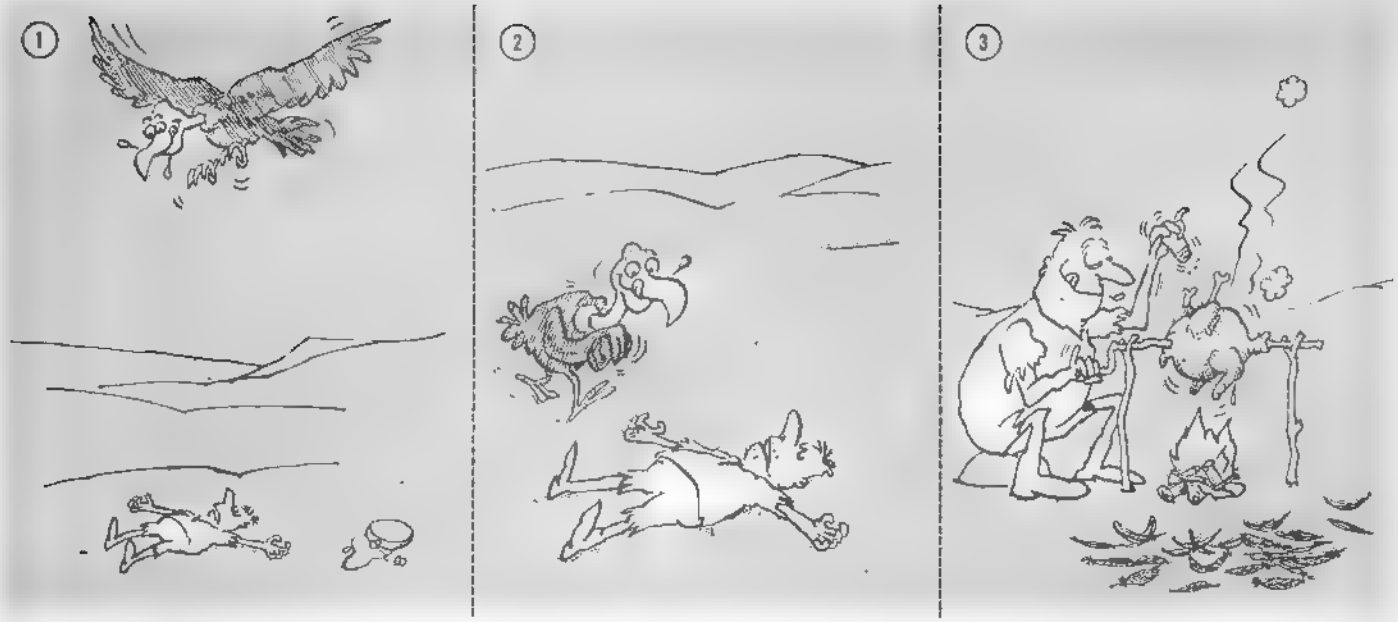


AT BIRDS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



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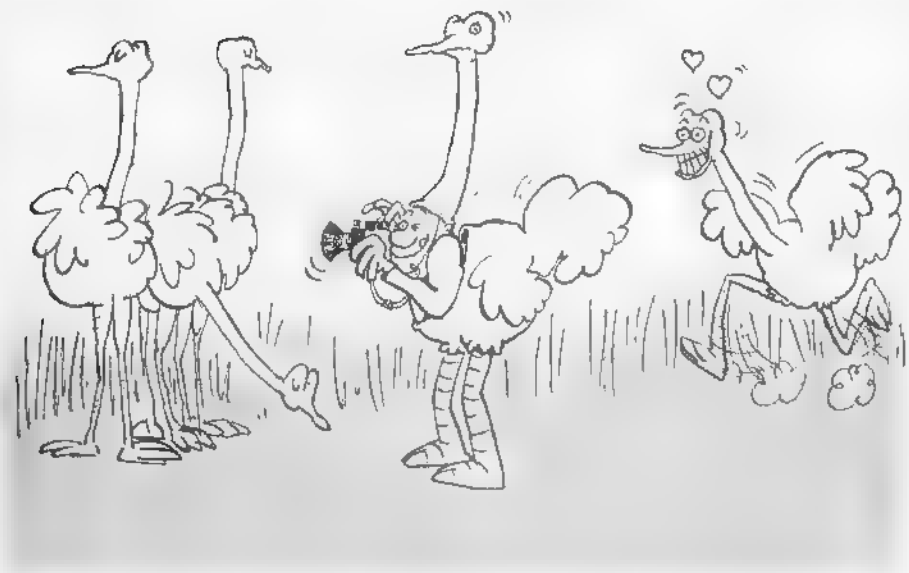

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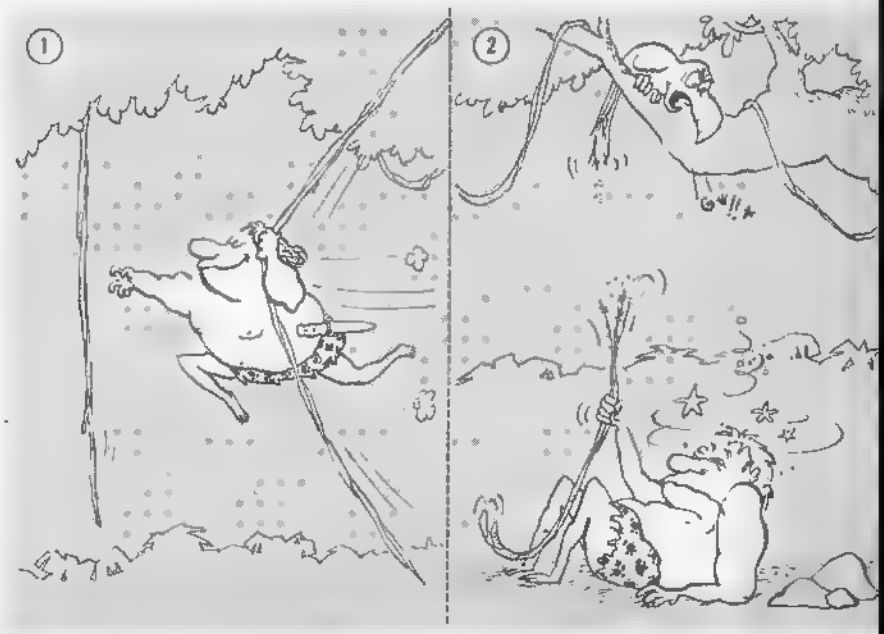
PETRIFIED
FOREST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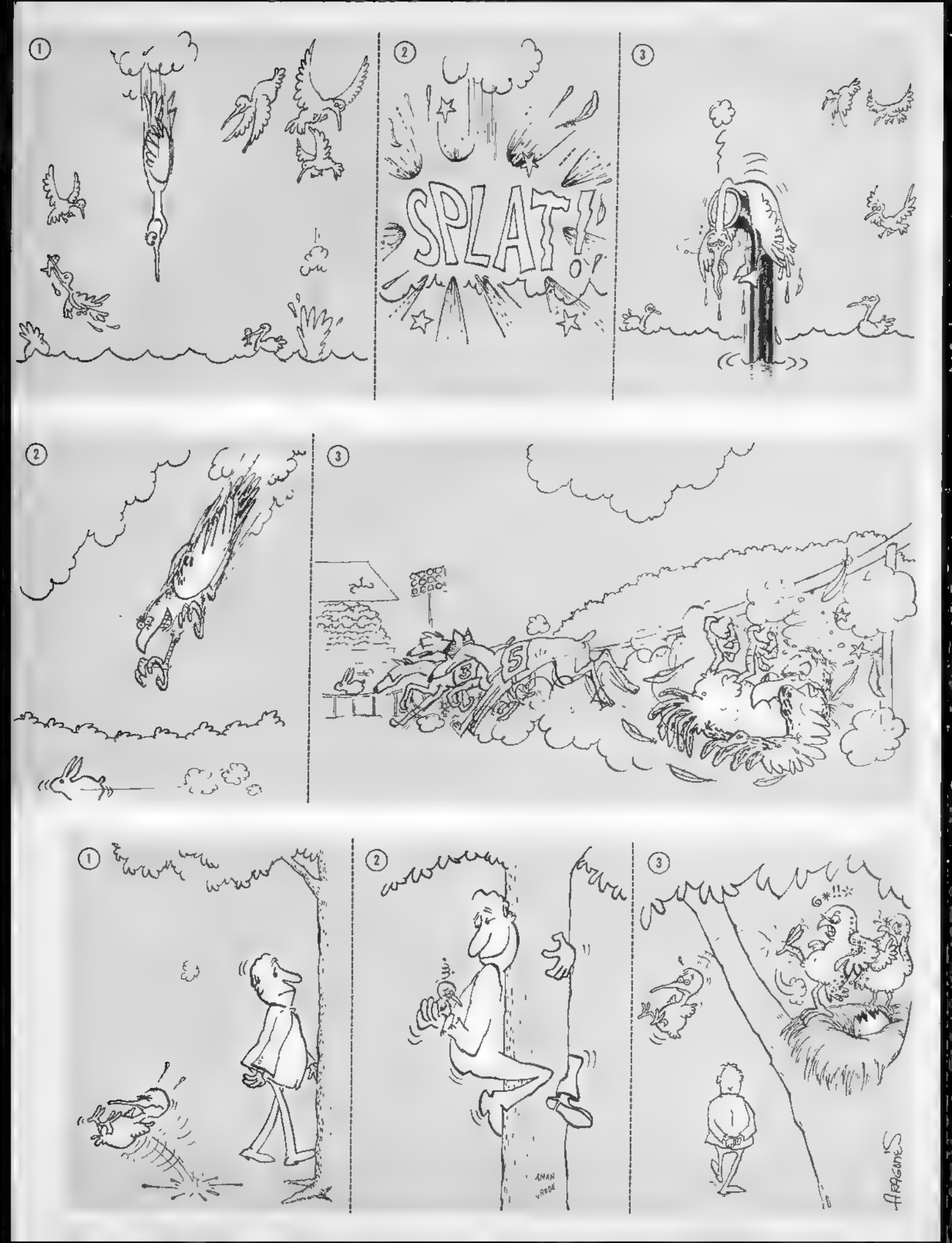
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SPLAT!
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ARAGONES

You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

. . . you learn your wife just had a baby because they announce it over the public address system.

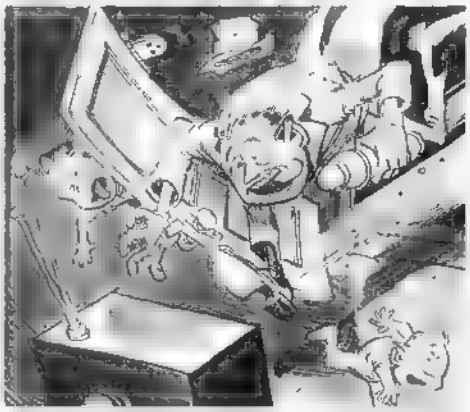
You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

. . . you buy a house at least 75 miles away so you can see the home games that are blacked out in the city.

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

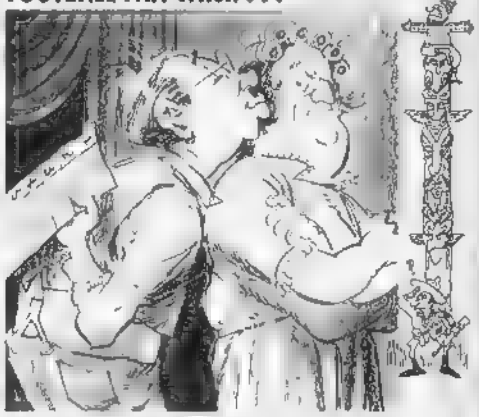
. . you make $195 a week, and you think O.J. Simpson got a "raw deal" because he's only getting $400,000.

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .



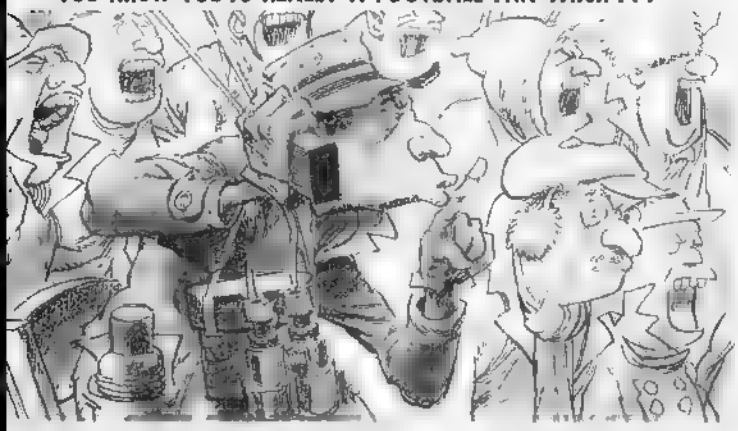
. . you make sure you get home by 11 P M. Sunday night so you can see the highlights of the game you were at that afternoon.

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .



. . . you refuse to consider divorcing your wife because you're afraid she'll get custody of your season tickets

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .



. . . you ask the crowd to be quiet so you can hear the sportscaster on your portable radio describe the play you just saw.

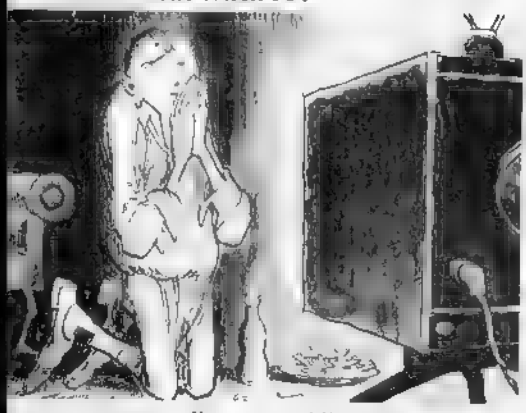
You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

. . . you miss the Monday morning funeral of a close relative because you're too broken up over your team's loss on Sunday.

A FOOTBALL FAN When...

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .



. . . you rediscover a childhood prayer because your team is two points behind with six seconds left.

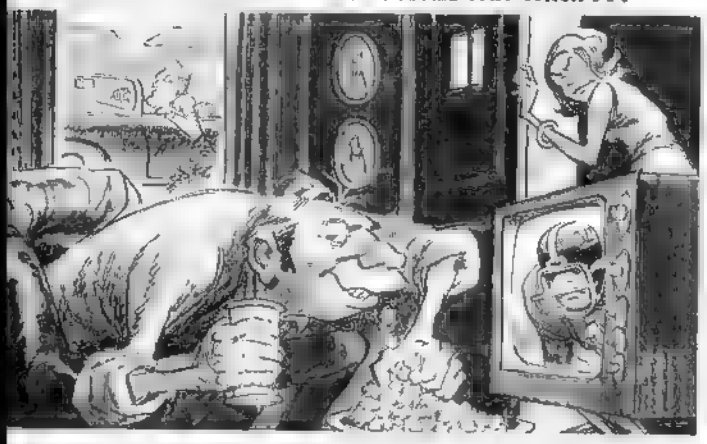
You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

. . . you stay up nights memorizing the numbers of the Kick-off and the Kick-return teams.

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

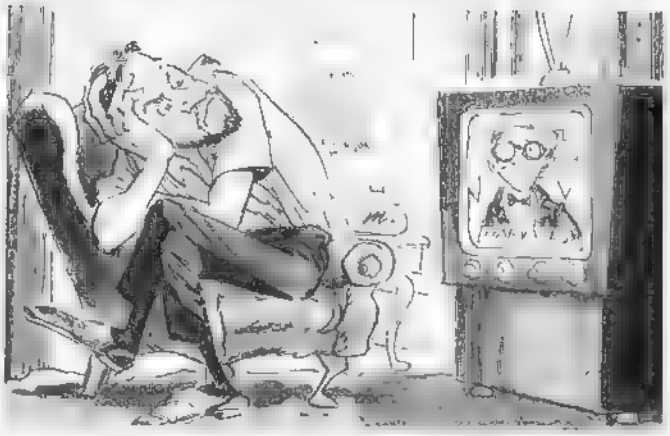
. . . it really matters to you who wins the "AFL—All-Pro Bowl Game."

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .



. . . you discover your wife is having an affair, but you don't want to make anything out of it because it gets her out of the house on Sundays.

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .



. . . you sit and stare at the TV set from February to July because you just can't believe that the "G.E. College Bowl" isn't some sort of post-season game.

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

. . . you go to the home of people you hate because they have a color TV set.

You Know You're REALLY A FOOTBALL FAN When . . .

. . . you arrange your Summer vacation so you'll be able to attend the "College All-Star—Pro Game" in July.

JINGLE BELTS DEPT.

MAD CHRISTMAS

It Came Upon A Midnight Perfectly Clear!

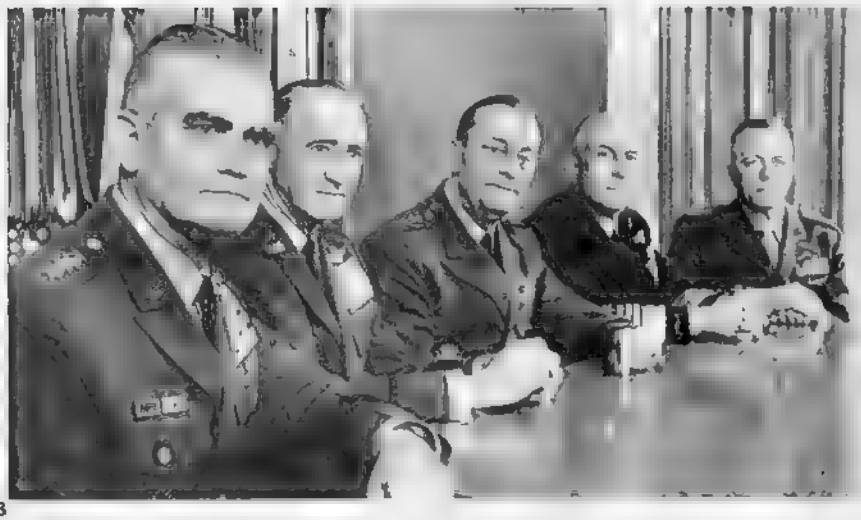
RICHARD NIXON

I'm Dreaming Of A Black Christmas!

H. Rap Brown

ABBIE NEW YEAR!

ABBIE HOFFMAN



Oh, Holy Might— The Stars Are Brightly Shining...

The Joint Chiefs Of Staff

CARDS FROM CELEBRITIES

CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL

OY! TO THE WORLD

Golda Meir

Don We Now Our "K" Apparel!

George Wallace

Seasoned Greetings!

The Galloping Gourmet

PHOTOS BY W. DE WORLD & U.P.I.

Police On Earth!

Mayor Richard Daley

Silent Majority Night!

Spiro Agnew

Christmas Jeer!

Don Rickles

Oh, Come— All Ye Faithful!

Hugh Hefner

There's No Reason To Be Jolly!

Senator William Fulbright

OH, HIDING IN COMFORT AND JOY!

Eldridge Cleaver

FIRE AT WILL TOWARD MEN!

THE OHIO NATIONAL GUARD

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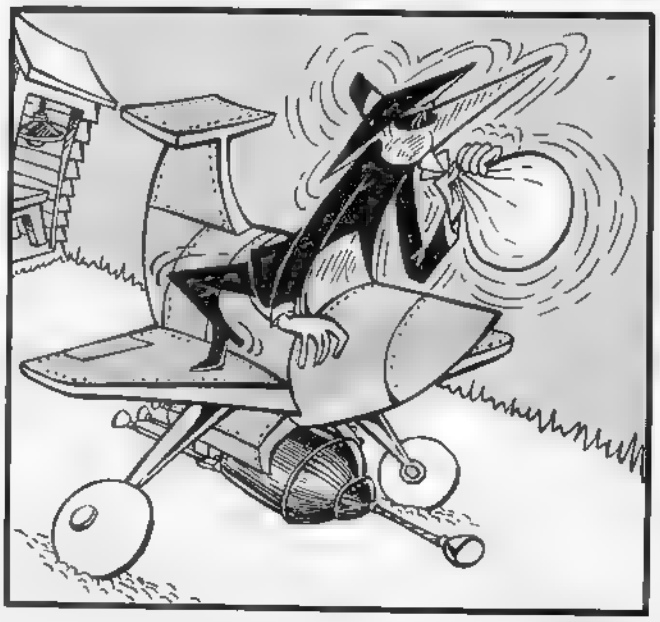
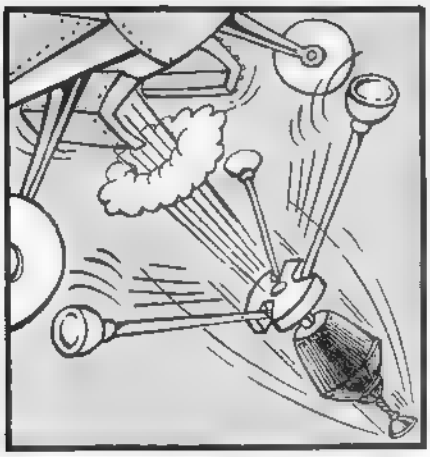
SPY VS SPY
PLANS FOR A BOMB SHELTER
CEMENT

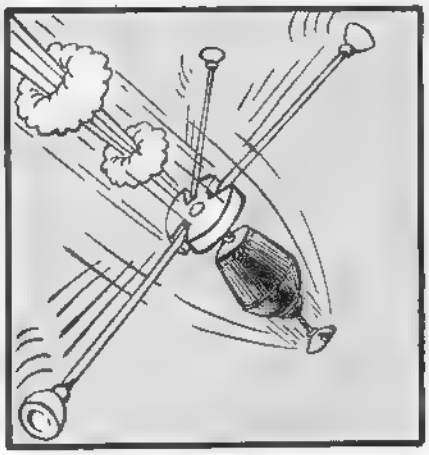
PLANS
BOM

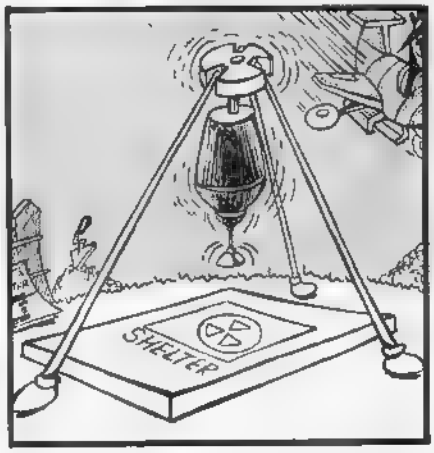


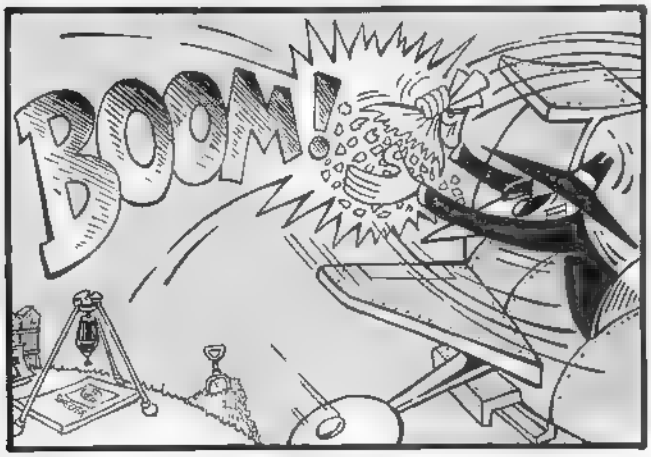
SHELTER

PLANS FOR A BOMB SHELTER






SHELTER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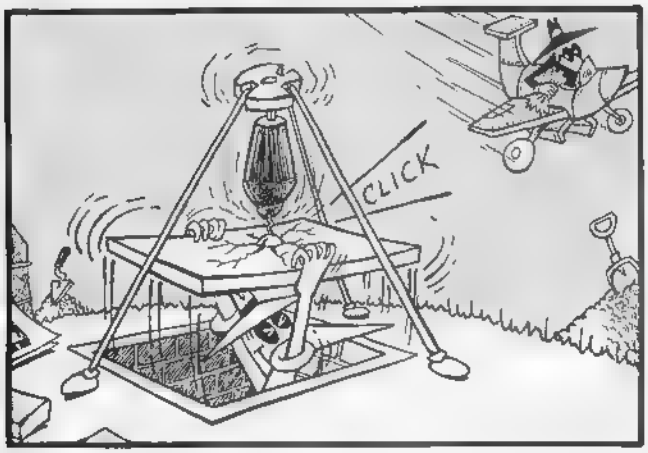
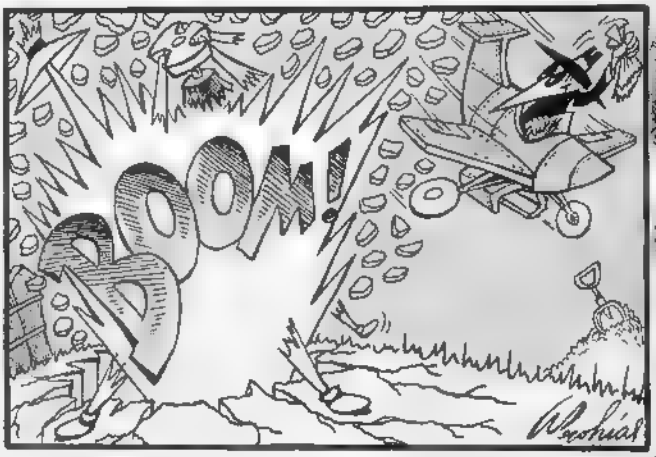

CLICK


BOOM!

ACME
ACME ANTI-POLLUTION DEVICES

Why are most weekly series TV shows pretty awful? Because some hack Writer comes up with a trite idea, an incompetent Producer puts it on, and an inept Director moves around the no-talent Star! That's why most weekly series TV shows are pretty awful! Now...what happens when the Star of a weekly TV show is also the Producer and has all the power on the show? What happens when the Star makes all the decisions and signs all the checks? It'll probably come out looking remarkably like...

THE DORIS DAZE SHOW

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

Gee, Doris—I hate to see you commute to San Francisco! It must be tiring—driving back and forth every day!
Why should I mind that?
Because we live here in Butte, Montana!
There goes a fabulous woman! It's a miracle how she made the change from an "Over-Ripe Spinster" in movies to a "Widowed Mother Of Two" on TV! I don't know how she did it!
You mean with no effort?
No—I mean with NO SEX!!
PEGGY LEE FAN CLUB
Cluck—how can Mom afford to own a $100,000 house, drive a $6000 convertible, and have a $20,000 wardrobe on an $85-a-week Secretary's salary?
She's the "World's Greatest Money-Manager"!
Here comes that sickening Doris Marlin dame—with the shaft of sunlight always shining down on her through the smog and rain!
Hi! Lovely day, isn't it!
If it wasn't for the nice tan I get from the sun reflecting off her capped teeth, I'd belt her one!
DODO
Morning, Mrs. Marlin! Say—how come there's never any rain or smog around your car?
It's an arrangement I have!
What kind of an arrangement?
God doesn't make trouble for me . . . and I don't make trouble for Him!
STOP PAY TOLL
Good morning, Mr. Knucklehead . . .
Thank God you got here, Doris! We have a terrible crisis on our hands!
Naturally . . . !!
The Bank has refused our loan, we can't pay our printers and the magazine will have to close down!
Let's chat about that later! First tell me about the CRISIS we've got on our hands!

It's all over! Goodbye, cruel world! Doris—jump with me!?

I want to finish some dictation on the way down!

Isn't this the way ALL the men are SUPPOSED to act on this show!?

Why should I jump with you?!

Oh, why must you act like such a ridiculous idiot!?

Right! Just testing to see if you're on your toes!

Now, now! Has there ever been any problem I couldn't solve with a flash of my toothy smile or a wrinkle of my freckled nose?!

You're right, Doris!

That's a redundancy!

Gee, Doris . . . you lead such a varied, exciting life! All I do is the same dull things . . . over and over and over again!

You mean . . . your job?

No, my ROLE! I did this "Man-Hungry Broad Bit" on the Dick Van Dyke Show for 5 years!

Well, keep practicing! You're bound to get it right someday!

742
743
744
745

SEX AND THE CENTER FIELDER

My, gosh! The Bank President is coming over here! What are we going to do?

Don't worry! You know that he's bound to fall in love with me!

Because you have charm and beauty?

No . . . because I have Script Approval!

I'm here to officially refuse your request for a loan, thereby throwing your entire magazine empire into bankruptcy . . . except for one small catch! Which one is Doris Marlin?

Congratulations!

What for?

It usually takes men a full two minutes to fall madly in love with me!

She's Doris Marlin!

I love you!

You just set a new record for this show!!

I have a dinner date with that Bank President! I've got to put on something formal!

A Telephone Booth!! So this is how you change your clothes every week without going home first!

Yes, but I've got a problem!

What's that?

I share this booth with a friend—

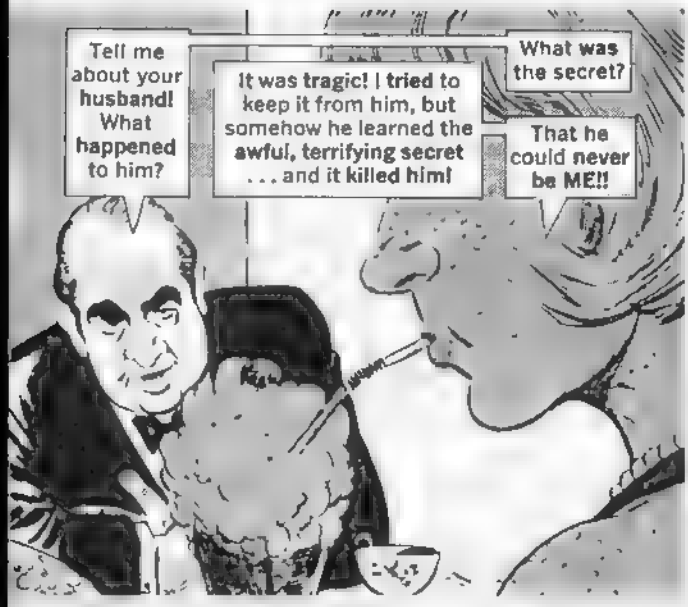
WEIRD

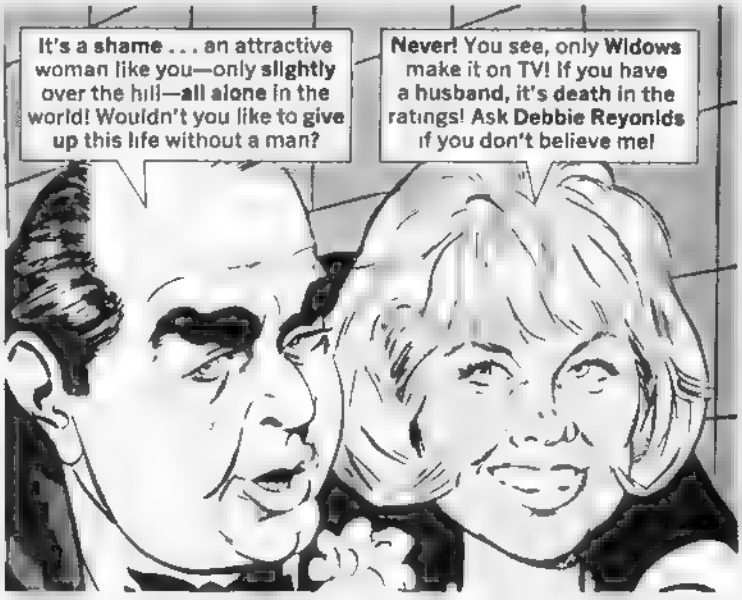
—and the idiot keeps putting on MY clothes and leaving me his!
Hmmm! So THAT'S why he never married Lois Lane!

Ah, Mrs. Marlin! You really are quite special!
Really? How?
Why, you're the oldest PIXIE in captivity!

It must be a sacrifice . . . trying to be a Mother and have a career at the same time!
Being a Mother actually RUINED my career!
As a Professional Secretary?!
No, as a Professional Virgin!

I don't remember telling that Guard to remain on duty tonight!
You didn't! I did!
Ah, Mrs. Marlin, your body is like a work of art!
Really? How . . . ?
The older it gets, the more you think it's worth!


Tell me about your husband! What happened to him?
It was tragic! I tried to keep it from him, but somehow he learned the awful, terrifying secret . . . and it killed him!
What was the secret?
That he could never be ME!!


It's a shame . . . an attractive woman like you—only slightly over the hill—all alone in the world! Wouldn't you like to give up this life without a man?
Never! You see, only Widows make it on TV! If you have a husband, it's death in the ratings! Ask Debbie Reynolds if you don't believe me!

I want you so bad, it hurts in interesting places! Kiss me!

I'm not that kind of a girl!

I'll reconsider the loan to the magazine! Kiss me!

I'm not that kind of a girl!

I'll GIVE them the money! Kiss me!

Do you think I would sell myself for a bank loan at eight percent interest?

Six-and-a-half percent interest!

Start Puckering!

Do you think you could ever love me?

No, I can only love one person . . . one wonderful, brilliant delightful person!

Who's that?

ME!!

And you wouldn't want me to be unfaithful, would you?! After all, I'm not—

I know! I know! You're not that kind of girl!

Er . . . Doris, take a letter! "Dear—" You finish it and get it right out!

Yes, Mr. Knucklehead!

Well, Doris— you saved the magazine from disaster for the 27th time this season!

Doesn't it strike you as a little odd?

That you've done it so often . . . ?

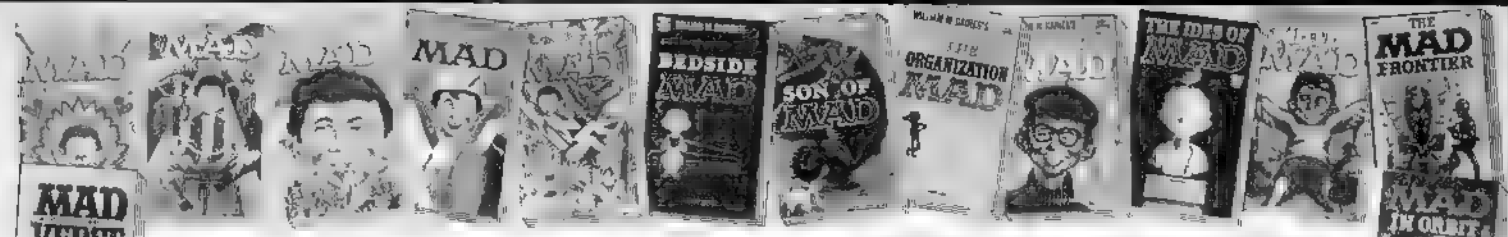
No—that I'm STILL just an $85-a-week Secretary!

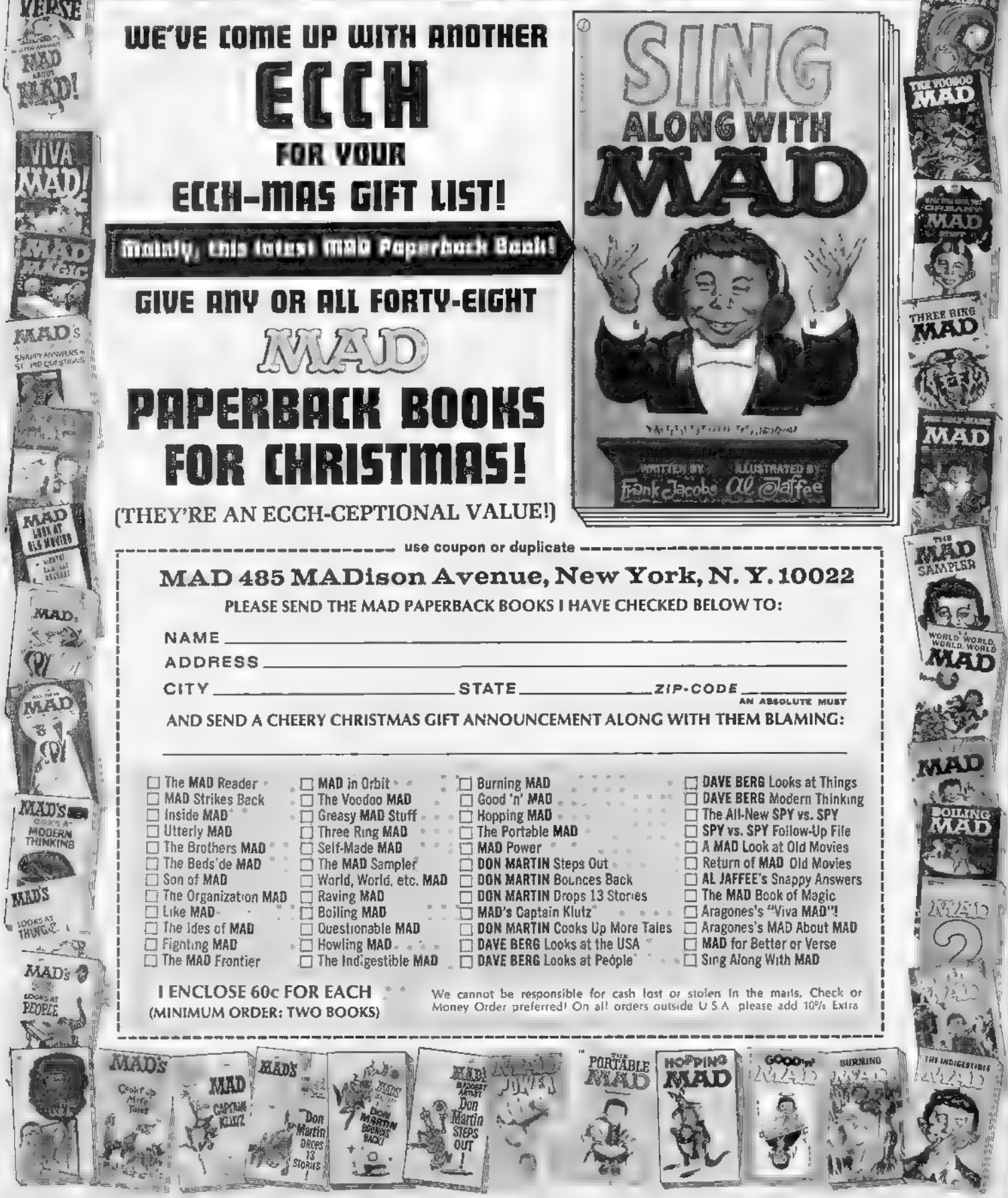
I've been meaning to ask you, Doris . . . Why are the men in your show always such driveling emasculated simpletons?

That's my whole purpose!

I don't understand!

I happen to be "Supreme Propaganda Minister" for the "WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT"!! Today, Television . . . tomorrow, the World!!





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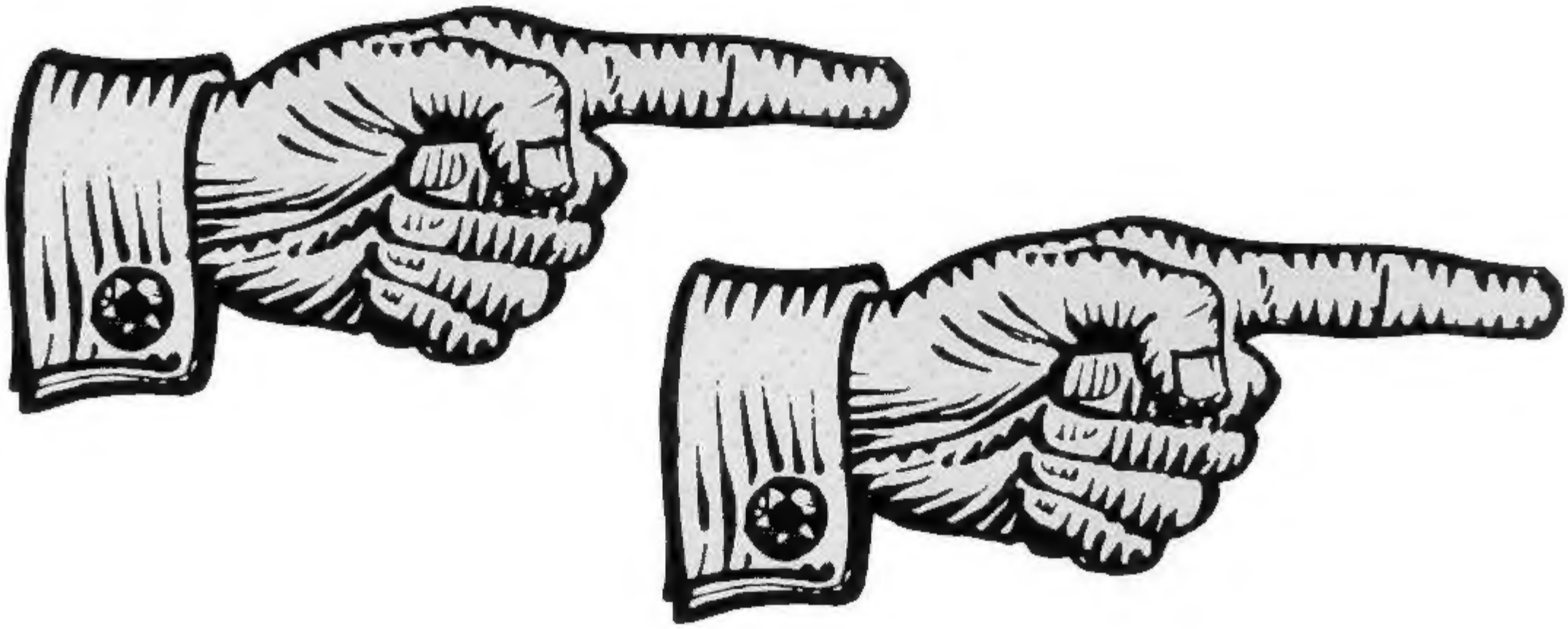

Nothing to see here!

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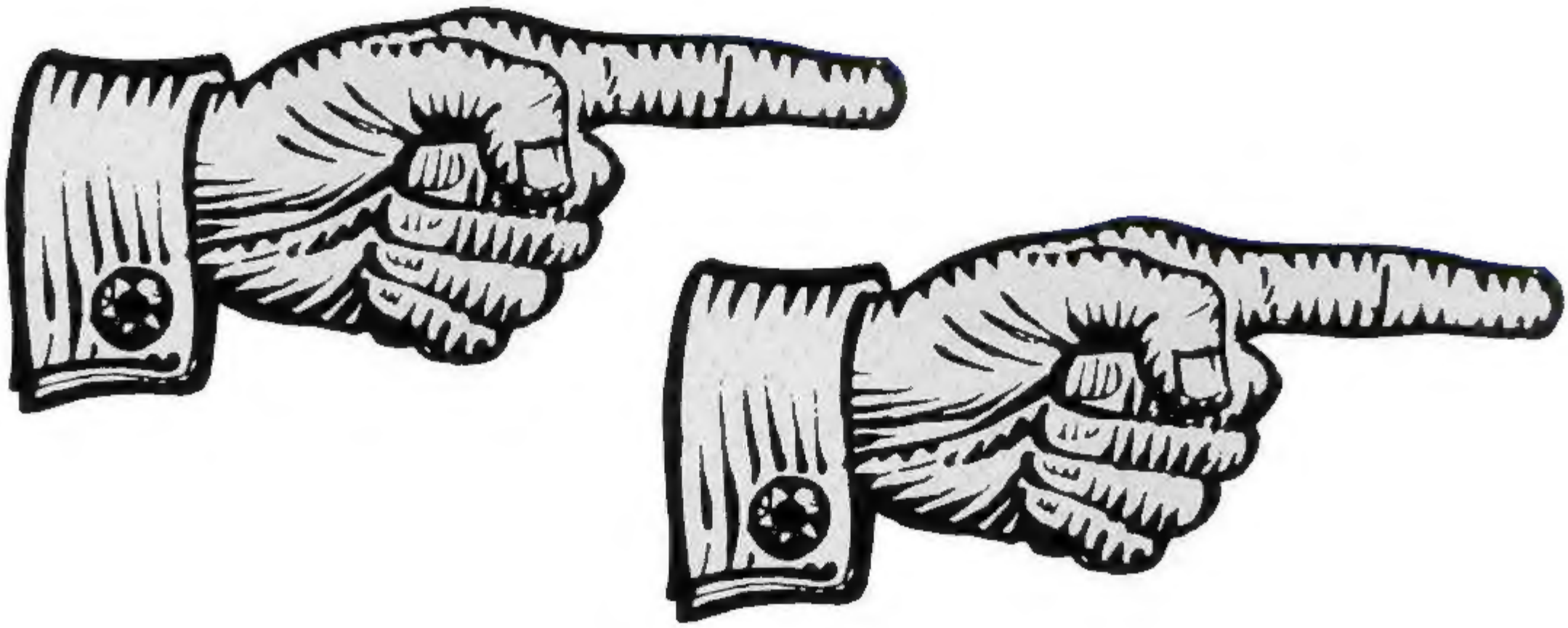

WHAT ESSENTIAL ITEM WON'T BE AVAILABLE AGAIN THIS YEAR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

As usual at this time, stores and catalogues are filled with millions of Christmas goodies. But there's one essential item we could all use, and it looks like it won't be available again this year. To find out what this one gift is that we all long for and need desperately, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A▶ ◀B

WHAT ESSENTIAL ITEM WON'T BE AVAILABLE AGAIN THIS YEAR?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A▶◀B

1.
Winsom tasted good like a cigarette should've.

2.
You mean… as a cigarette should've.

3.
What did you want, good grammar or good taste?

4.
I wanted to live a lot longer than this!

Winsom may not say it right, but they sure know how to put you right–
six feet under with CANCER BLEND tobaccos